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LETTERS

O F

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,
Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON,
and Mr. POPE.

From 1711 to 1715.

A

Handwritten text, possibly a name or address, written in cursive script.

LETTERS

ST. WILFRED TOWER
M. STEPHENSON



THOMAS J. BAKER

LETTERS

O F

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,
Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, &c.

* *Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to*
Mr. POPE.

I HAVE this moment receiv'd the favour of yours of the 8th instant; and will make you a true excuse, (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I defer'd the troubling you with a letter, when I sent back your Papers, in hopes of seeing you at *Binsfield* before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I should freely now (as I have done too presumptuously in conversation with you) tell

* *Secretary of State to King William the Third.*

you my opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in compliance with your desires than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of Poetry, who never have been practic'd in the Art. There may possibly be some happy genius's, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a Poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read *Vitruvius*, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: But this, tho' it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill I have another reason why I ought to suspect my self, by reason of the great affection I have for you, which might give too much bias, to be kind to every thing that comes from you; but after all, I must say (and I do it with an old-fashion'd sincerity) that I entirely approve of your Translation of those Pieces of *Homer*, both as to the versification and the true sense that shines thro' the whole; nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you
wou'd

wou'd proceed in translating that incomparable Poet, to make him speak good *English*, to dress his admirable characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, and to make his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend *Horace*, when he read him at *Præneste*, *Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, &c.* I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confess I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpose.

I have nothing to say of my Nephew B's observations, for he sent them to me so late, that I had not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavour'd very faithfully (tho' he told me very hastily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your excess of modesty shou'd hinder you from publishing this *Essay*, I shall only be sorry that I have no more credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the publick, and very particularly, dear Sir,

Your most faithful

Apr. 9, 1708.

humble Servant,

W. Trumbull.

LETTER: I: Mr. POPE to the Hon. J. C. Esq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you *Dennis's* remarks on the * *Essay*, which equally abound in just Criticisms and fine Railleries: The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a mornings leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a Critic as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answer'd, and that way I wou'd not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spar'd in the *Essay*, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment; nor imagine how those † three lines can be call'd a reflection on his *Person*, which only describe him subject a little to Anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall

* On Criticism.

† But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.

down

down themselves with that very blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienc'd writers from scribbling, he shou'd frighten us with his Verse not Prose: for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business*. (Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter 'em in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20th of his reflections, was objected to by your self, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: 'Tis right *Hibernian*, and I confess it what the *English* call a *Bull* in the expression, tho' the sense be manifest enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are seldom in the expression, they are always in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book can't answer for itself

* This Thought we find afterwards put into Verse in the Dunciad, Book 1. See the ensuing Letter.

to the publick, 'tis to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the world should be deceiv'd (which wou'd be of very ill consequence) meerly that I my self may be thought right, (which is of very little consequence). I'd be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of my self; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book of *D—'s* which otherwise I should never have known. It has been the occasion of making me friends, and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit, and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world in general, or I should never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a custom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have common soldiers in the streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in mind, that tho' his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive christian, and be prepar'd to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a Wit was attack'd for his *Religion*, as you'll find I am most zealously in this treatise: and you know Sir, what alarms I have had from the * opposite side on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

*Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, & super
ipſi
Dardanidæ insensæ pœnas cum Sanguine pos-
cunt!*

'Tis however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial,

*Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.*

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detach'd from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or

* See the ensuing Letters.

a new nonsense to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our friend the *Abbè* is not of that sort, who with the utmost candour and freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a *Number* than a *Party*. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourish'd among 'em, and I am of opinion that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by 'em: he believes, that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (*A second deluge Learning over-run*) will be understood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of polite Learning, Criticism, Poetry, &c. which is the only learning concern'd in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the *Monks* did preserve what learning there was, about *Nicholas* the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of Barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others rose from thence, insomuch that even *Erasmus* and *Reuchlin* could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the *Abbe's* zeal in my commendation, and goodness

ness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book, just at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candor, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

To the Same.

June 18, 1711.

IN your last you inform'd me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than Doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The Simile objected to in my Essay,

*(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small Sect, and all are damn'd beside.)*

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly they seek, &c.*) speaks only of *Wit*, (which is meant by *that blessing*, and *that sun*) for how can the sun of *faith* be said

to sublime the southern wits, and to ripen the genius's of northern climates? I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism; and perhaps out of good nature to the Monks, are willing to take from 'em the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *They* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular sett of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile it self, if twice read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our Church at all, unless they call our Church *one small Sect*: and the cautious words, (*by each man*) manifestly show it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the Reform'd ministers and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promise you Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith tho' weak understanding, I will (tho' it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow com-

compass) that stumbling-block tho' it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these good disputants (who I am afraid being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humor all their lives) shou'd proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you notwithstanding I will do, or say nothing, however provok'd (for some people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the character of a true Catholick. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great Saint *Erasmus*; who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive christianity. However I wou'd advise them to suffer the mention of *him* to pass unregarded, lest I shou'd be forc'd to do that for his reputation which I wou'd never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our Church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the *Trifle* about Criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen wou'd be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to 'em right or wrong, as far as I only am concern'd; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it

for

for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a Poet no hurt, and a little Charity wou'd do a Priest none: For as St. *Austin* finely says, *Ubi Charitas, ibi Humilitas; ubi Humilitas, ibi Pax.*

Yours, &c.

To the Same,

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you in a clear light the true state of it.

I have ever believ'd the best piece of service one cou'd do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *Piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and seemingly-uncharitable assertion of an utter *Impossibility* of *Salvation* to all but our selves; *invincible* ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurl'd about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiasticks) than as a real exception to almost-universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our Church, we must again subdivide; the *Jansenist* is damn'd by the *Jesuit*, the *Jesuit* by the *Jansenist*, the *Scotist* by the *Thomist*, and so forth.

There may be Errors I grant, but I can't think 'em of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are ingag'd by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a slight insinuation, introduc'd so easily by a casual similitude only, cou'd never have given offence; but on the contrary must
needs

needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the *Superstition* of some ages after the subversion of the *Roman Empire*, which is too manifest a truth to be deny'd, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith who are free from it. Our silence in these points may with some reason make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those biggories; which yet in reality all good and sensible Men despise, tho' they are persuaded not to speak against 'em; I can't tell why, since now, 'tis no way the interest even of the worst of our Priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smother'd in silence: For as the opposite Sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being slander'd; 'tis our business now to show it is slander'd unjustly, and to vindicate our selves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it; and then we need not doubt of being clear'd, ev'n in their opinions.

As

As to particulars: you cannot but have observ'd that at first the whole objection against the simile of wit and faith lay to the word *They*: When that was beyond contradiction removed (the very Grammar serving to confute 'em) then the objection lies against the *Simile itself*; or if that simile will not be objected to (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of *Superstition* must become a crime (as if *Religion* and she were sisters, or that scandal upon the family of *Christ*, to say a word against the Devil's bastard.) Afterwards, more mischief is discover'd in a place that seem'd innocent at first, the two lines about *Schismatics*, at the bottom of page 24. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declar'd against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith out of contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: But these believers are call'd *Dull*, and because I say that *those schismatics* think *some* believers *dull*, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think *all* believers dull. I was telling lately Mr. ——— these objections: who assur'd me I had said nothing which a Catholick need to disown,

and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head which I confess I can't but perfectly acquiesce in; that when a sett of people are piqu'd at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a By-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really gall'd by: What these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that *Erasmus* whom their tribe oppress'd and persecuted shou'd be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know were as angry that I mention'd Mr. *Walsh* with honour; who as he never refus'd to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserv'd it from all others, tho' of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses ev'n after death. As I wou'd always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay because they

they are absent ; so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence ; and the rather because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written ; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for *Tonson's* printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in this first impression, and I fancy a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in three-score even of a liberal education can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You shall find me a true *Trojan* in my faith, and friendship, in both which I will persevere to the end,

Your, &c.

To General upon his having translated into French Verse the Essay on Criticism.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart, as you have done

those of my head, in your excellent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours: Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than *Virgil's* are of *Homer*, but are like his, the justest Imitation and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a *French* dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for Translation established the next parliament, we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making our selves amends for all we have lost by the war. Nay tho' we should insist upon the *demon-*
lishing

lishing of Boileau's works; the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers can be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here*; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am,

Your, &c.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the sake of the Widow and for the credit of the de-

* This was never done, for the two printed French Versions are neither of this hand. The one was the work of Monsieur Roboton, private Secretary to King George the first, printed in 4° at Amsterdam and at London 1717. The other by the Abbé Resnel, in 8° with a large Preface and Notes, at Paris, 1730.

ceas'd,

ceas'd, that † *Betterton's* remains are fallen into such hands as may render 'em reputable to the one and beneficial to the other. Besides the publick acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I also had a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity, he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune, to act (and especially to his latest hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of *Pollio*, I am satisfy'd 'twill be doubly *Divine* and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church-musick the most ravishing of all harmonious compositions, and must also believe sacred subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all Poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any just reflection upon your self, of the least shadow of ill-nature, you would freely have suppressed one of the best of Poems.) I hear no more of it — will it come out in *Lintot's*

† *A Translation of some Part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed in a Miscellany with some works of Mr. Pope, in 2 Vol. 12°. by B. Lintot.*

Miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord *Petre* upon the subject of the Lock, some time since, but have as yet had no answer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in *London*. I have since I saw you corresponded with Mrs. *W.* I hope she is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that Lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatsoever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. *W.* is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her Niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady *A.*

on

on Mrs. W's affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half-discover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The Unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see the world generally takes care they shall be so. Whereas if we took a considerate prospect of human nature, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow. All I shall say to you of 'em at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months: The consent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shown towards Me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested

fested in the case of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you: Flatterers have taken up the stile which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves: so that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of fidelity, rather than by their complaisant and open kindness. — Will you never leave commending my Poetry? In fair truth Sir, I like it but too well my self already — Expose me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but most of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you wou'd please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write.

Your, &c.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set
D me

me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which Men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breath'd his last in this room,

*Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart,
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.* }

This was an happy talent to a man of the Town, but I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

— *Oh thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !*

I have turn'd to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserv'd the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at — *Hark a glad voice* — and — *The lamb with wolves shall graze* — There is but one line which I think below the original,

He

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have express'd it with a good and pious, but not with so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet. *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your Poem is already better than the *Pollio*. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd state which wise men both delight in, and are qualify'd for. Methinks the Moralists and Philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending intirely either solitude, or publick life. In the former, men for the most part grow useles by too much rest, and in the latter are destroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing, and

running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem design'd for solitude, such I mean as have more to hide than to show: As for my own part, I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters which may be forc'd into fountains and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would

The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into Verse some years before and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's Poem on Mixt Life. We find him apparently in the Versification of them, as they are since printed in Wycherley's posthumous Works, 8^o Page 3d and 4th.

make

make me very well contented with the possession only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obscurity*. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus Sir you see I would flatter my self into a good opinion of my own way of living. *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can and to make the best of it. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly observ'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider my self in these different views, and I hope have receiv'd some
 How
 advan-

advantage by it, if what Mr. Waller says be true, that

*The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has
made.*

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying our selves within, when there is so little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'Tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several Prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the
world

world have not dazzled me very much ; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest *Hibernian*, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour, and so excessively weak as I now am I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concern'd at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my Exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly express'd in the wisdom of *Solomon*)
passeth

passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. *For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measur'd by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul, &c.* I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7. 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning ; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of Gaiety unworthy of that Prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion : Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure ; in which sense I naturally took the

the verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut Soles) dabis joca!*

“ Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion
“ of this body, thou fleeting thing that art
“ now deserting it! whither art thou fly-
“ ing? to what unknown Scene? all trem-
“ bling, fearful, and penfive. Now what is
“ become of thy former wit and humour?
“ thou shalt jest and be gay no more.”

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this? 'Tis the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the

E

rest,

rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in *Catullus*, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are us'd to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses. — If you think me right in my notion of the last words of *Adrian*, be pleas'd to insert it in the *Spectator*, if not, to suppress it. I am

Your, &c.

ADRIANI Morientis

A D
A N I M A M,

Translated.

AH fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this Frame inspire?

No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!

To what dark, undiscover'd Shore?

Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE,

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing amiss of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to morrow: After his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like your self. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain my self further. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE,

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the Poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended;

but since you say you see nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confin'd the attendance of * Guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but 'tis my business to be informed of those faults I *do not* know, and as for those I *do*, not to talk of 'em but to correct 'em. You speak of that Poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties. I mean if Mr. *Addison* and Your self shou'd like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these † two years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which I am sure all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle: (a sign I have not much capacity.)

* This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame; of which Poem he speaks here.

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was 22 Years old.

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Assure Mr. *Addison* of my most faithful service, of every one's esteem he must be assur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you publish'd that notion about *Adrian's Verses* as mine; I had I imagin'd you wou'd use my name, I shou'd have express'd my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrust'd. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of *Adrian's* being addicted to Magick, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no sort of Deity, good or bad") since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous *whether* his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have own'd my opinion to be that the expressions are not so, but that

that diminutives are as often in the *Latin* tongue used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul, *Animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *Virgo Bella* is not half so endearing as *Virguncula bellula*, and had *Augustus* only call'd *Horace Lepidum Hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: 'Twas the *Homunciolus* that exprest the love and tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should my self be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great *Genius*, or an Eminent hand (as *Jacob* does all his authors.) I am

Your, &c,

Mr. POPE to

Decemb. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length comply'd with the request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many

many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent: so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserv'd friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain, without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have prov'd your self more tender of another's embryo's than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserv'd every thing that I miscarry'd of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me: Yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revival of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in 'em from time to time the true and undistinguish'd state of my mind. But I find that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white, do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that depriv'd of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd

deavour'd to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are design'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing, first, upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score: So I hope the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, since they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great Borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challeng'd me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrow'd from, so have the least reason to complain: Their works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. — Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my Verses are corrected by
other

other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: But indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault, I have endeavour'd my utmost that they should. But these things are only whisper'd, and I will not encroach upon *Bays's* province and *Pen Whispers*, so hasten to conclude

Your, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to
Mr. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a hasty scribble shews more what flows from the heart, than a letter after *Balzac's* manner in studied phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have receiv'd your favour of the 26th past, with your kind present of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive genius; but likewise in that pleasure I take as an *English* Man to see the *French*, even *Boileau* himself in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your Poem: For you descend, *leviøre plectro*, to all the nicer touches,

touches, that your own observation and wit furnish, on such a subject as requires the finest strokes, and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much: and henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim with the stream, and approve what all men of good taste (notwithstanding the jarring of Parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery it is for you to be destroy'd by the foolish kindness ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the Poison of bad Wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat? As to *Homer*, by all I can learn your business is done; therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. — has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am

Your, &c,

Mr. POPE to Sir WILLIAM
TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: You really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young scribler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth as a young Lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a cockcomb for life. But I must grant it is but a just judgment upon Poets, that they whose chief pretence is Wit, shou'd be treated just as they themselves treat Fools, that is, be cajoll'd with praises. And I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this as if the obliging letter you sent me deserv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what *Cæsar* said of his Wife. *It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste, himself, but she shou'd not be so much as suspected by others.*

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleas'd to tell me of my self; I treat it as you who are in the Secret treat common news, groundless reports of things at a distance, which I who look into the true springs of the affair at home, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For *Fame* tho' it be as *Milton* finely calls it, *The last Infirmity of noble Minds*, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: It can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought). You Sir have your self taught me, that an easy situation at that hour, can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the Wit, but may be gain'd by the sincere intentions of the Heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent

tent of the capacity: Friendship here is an emanation from the same source as Beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in my present state terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and fore-taste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon my self as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship, are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almost every day employ'd in following your advice and amusing my self in Painting, in which I am most particularly

cularly obliged to Mr. *Jervas*, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. *Cato* was not so much the wonder of *Rome* in his days, as he is of *Britain* in ours; and tho' all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a Party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this occasion.

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,

*And Factions strive, who shall applaud him
most.*

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one-side of the theatre, were eccho'd back by the Tories on the other; while the Author sweated behind the scenes with concern, to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the Prologue-writer, who was clapp'd into a stanch Whig, at almost ev'ry two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite Faction, my Lord *Bolingbroke* sent for *Booth* who play'd *Cato*, into the box,
between

between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guinea's; in acknowledgment (as he exprest it) for defending the cause of *Liberty* so well against a *Perpetual Dictator*. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanc'd this way, (as 'tis said) and therefore design a present to the same *Cato* very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a Sentence as the former on their side: So betwixt them, 'tis probable that *Cato* (as Dr. Garth exprest it) *may have something to live upon, after he dies.* I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON.

July 30, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the Sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was *John Dennis*, whom I think you are best reveng'd upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon

upon those batts and beastly birds above-mention'd, only by *Shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune; that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever liv'd have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensur'd and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offer'd you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. * But indeed your opinion that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years: I apprehend but one danger from *Dennis's* disliking our sense; that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

* This relates to the Paper occasion'd by *Dennis's* Remarks upon *Cato*, call'd, *Dr. Norris's* Narrative of the Frenzy of *John Den*—

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. —, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend, and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, tho' with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is oblig'd to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

October 26, 1713.

I Was extreamly glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The * Work you mention will I dare say very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them,

• The Translation of the Iliad.

G

you

you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue and do Honour to our Country: for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have oblig'd the publick. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work wou'd cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it will I am afraid never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides your self.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here sometime and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

Mr.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the Prose will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give your self some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content your self with one half of the Nation for your Admirers when you might command them all; If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many years together, in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candor and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. 'Tis a sort of Tax that attends an estate in *Parnassus*, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thank'd for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons that first debauch'd him. Yet to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeas'd that I have offended the violent of all Parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As

As I hope and would flatter my self, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a pleasure to me that you guess'd so right in regard to the Author of that *Guardian* you mention'd. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those Papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest *Jacobite* spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his Party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with *Steele*, tho' upon never so indifferent subjects ——— This I know you will laugh at as well as I do: yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sower dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few *Guardians* I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discover'd to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body I met told me of it,

The

The true reason that Mr. *Steele* laid down the Paper, was a quarrel between him and *Jacob Tonson*. He stood engag'd to his bookseller, in articles of penalty, for all the *Guardians*: and by desisting two days and altering the title of the paper to that of the *Englishman*, was quit of his obligation: these papers being printed by *Buckley*.

As to his taking a more Politick turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politicks. Tho' 'tis said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: But I assure you as to my self, I have quite done with 'em, for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. *Steele* as a Man of Wit, has render'd me a suspected Whig to some of the violent, but (as old *Dryden* said before me) 'Tis not the Violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. *Jervas**; and the evenings in the conversation of such, as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever Party or Denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great,

* See Mr. Pope's Epistle to him in Verse, writ about this time.

that

that is honest Principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming Calumny and Misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinc'd that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature,

ture and truth, tho' never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented; it would be diverting to me, to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought 'em. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me, since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrain'd deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Ev'ry hour of my life, my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with *W*—— and the Astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, groveling with *T*—— in the very center of nonsense. Now I am recreated with the brisk fallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. *Steele* in his liveliest
and

and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of *Grammar* of Mr — and D—

Good Good! What an incongruous animal is Man? how unsettled in his best part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of Body? The constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is Man altogether, but one mighty Inconsistency! Sicknes and Pain is the lot of one half of us; Doubt and Fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as *Shakespear* finely words it) is *Rounded with a Sleep*? Our whole extent of Being no more, in the eyes of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the Naturalists assure us, are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with an eye to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes? and of how much less

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con:

consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of that God, who is from Ever, and for Ever!

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd, in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect our selves: our passions, our interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into meer mortals. For my part I never return so much into my self, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of my self. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

Jan. 30, 1713-4.

YOUR letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give my self up for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please my self with a distant conversation with you
and

and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of *Troy* lies upon my hands, and the campagne above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed the *Greek* fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter my self, that *Homer* secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, call'd Commentators and Critics, who wou'd frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digg'd, encompass'd with dirt of their own heaping up, but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the Poetical Engines, Wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engag'd in the fight, I find you are concern'd how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envy'd and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the con-

constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienc'd. Some have said I am not a Master in the *Greek*, who either are so themselves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know some Critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them, some specimens of my translation from this Author in the *Miscellanies*, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig because I have been favour'd with yours, Mr. *Congreve's*, and Mr. *Craggs* his friendship, and of late with my Lord *Halifax's* Patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be form'd, by any good-natur'd man, that a person who has been well us'd by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of Party and those of Religion, that I begin to fear, most men have politicks enough to make (thro' violence) the best Scheme of Government a bad one; and faith enough to hinder their own Salvation. I hope for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent

sistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a christian and honest man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a *Papist* here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being so too much, and to the fifth part as being so too little ; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our Priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides ; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is more worth, than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-soul'd people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

The Reverend Dean BERKLEY to
Mr. POPE.

Legborne, May 1, 1714.

AS I take Ingratitude to be a greater crime than Impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you

you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your *Rape of the Lock* here, having never seen it before, Stile, Painting, Judgment, Spirit, I had already admired in others of your Writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your *Invention*, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprizingly and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-form'd design of coming to *Italy*. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of *England*, if she felt the same warm Sun and breath'd the same Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that have all the inclination but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the Ancients. Some among them who understand *English*, begin to relish our Authors; and I am informed that at *Florence* they have translated *Milton* into *Italian Verse*.

Verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old *Latin* Poets, came among them; it wou'd probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their Predecessors.

As Merchants, Antiquaries, Men of Pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's while, to travel, in order to store his mind with strong Images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flow'ry meadows and purling streams, are no where in such perfection as in *England*: but if you wou'd know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skys, you must come to *Italy*: and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the *Alps*.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts I shou'd fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of *St. Patrick's*) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of *Peterborough*; who about three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE to the Honourable

June 8, 1714.

THE Question you ask in relation to Mr. *Ad—* and *Philips*, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. *Philips* did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at *Button's* Coffee-house (as I was told) saying, That I was enter'd into a Cabal with Dean *Swift* and others to write against the *Whig-Interest*, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends *Steel* and *Addison*. But Mr. *Philips* never open'd his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, tho' I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. *Addison* came to me a night or two after *Philips* had talk'd in this idle manner, and assur'd me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we shou'd always maintain, and desir'd I would say nothing further of it. My Lord *Hallifax* did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one Party. However *Philips* did all
he

he could, secretly to continue the report with the *Hanover* Club, and kept in his hands the Subscriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with a man whom I think a scoundrel) I wou'd not even ask him for this money, but commission'd one of the *Players*, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds of *Philips's* malignity, they will make a very pleasant History when we meet. Mr. *Congreve* and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the Gentlemen of the *Hanover* Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of *Philips*, that the world owes Mr. *Gay's Pastorals*. The ingenious Author is extreamly your servant, and would have comply'd with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord *Clarendon*, in his Embassy to *Hanover*.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which I am sure you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies, which a Man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such con-
I temptible

temptible opponents. May their envy and ill nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your, &c.

To the Same.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which *Philips* said in his foolishness; but I can't tell from any thing in your Letter, whether you receiv'd a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launch'd into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your Letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you *pray'd* for me: Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other Friends, who never talk of praying for a Man after they have done him

him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human Sciences, which I assure you I am daily more and more convinc'd of; and indeed I have for some years past, look'd upon all of 'em no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at ev'ry little disappointment here, and even in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones: For those hate not more to be excell'd, than these to be rivall'd. And at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for your self, and that the same or less Industry might have gain'd you a Friendship that can never deceive or end, a satisfaction which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which (tho' in one respect like fame, not to be had 'till after death,) yet

shall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams or impressions upon the imagination: Our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images, and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more o'ercast with the darkness, and disturb'd with the fumes of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long-habit, and weariness of the same track. *Homer* will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in Rhime: And I shou'd be sorry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse, in the same road, and so leave my *Bells* to the next silly animal that will be proud of 'em. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhimes, when he shou'd be mending his own Soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts

which

which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you; but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon *Homer*, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with headach's, that very much affect my sight; and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce past an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. But let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake, when you profess your self my friend; there are some *Tories* who will take you for a *Whig*, some *Whigs* who

who will take you for a *Tory*, some *Protestants* who will esteem you a rank *Papist*, and some *Papists* who will account you a *Heretick*.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate ; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strain'd, that perhaps to be in the right so very violently, may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that I am satisfied but few can wish me so ; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know : While you believe me what I profess as to Religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may say ; while Mr. *Congreve* likes my poetry, I can endure *Dennis* and a thousand more like him ; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily support it, tho' the most violent and mad of all parties rose up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my *Homer*. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very first to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer all sort of publick Persecution.

cution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being look'd upon as a common friend; and assaulted as generally, as if his whole design were to prejudice the State, and ruin the publick. I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obstinacy and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind: So that if the world has receiv'd any benefit from the labours of the Learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them only because they succeed. — Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please.

I am, &c.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I Am just enter'd upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great Master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my Epistle to you, if it were a *Dedicatory* one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own praise but what only one in the world is witness to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me. Whatever mankind in general would allow you, that I am not to give you to your face; and if I were to do it in your absence, the world would tell me I am too partial to be permitted to pass any judgment of you.

So you see me cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common discourse. The first you wou'd take ill, tho' I told you but half what I ought; so in short the last only remains.

And

And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd these five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the present world, its customs and its manners, to be fully possess'd and absorpt in the past? When people talk of going to Church, I think of Sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as *Chryses* priest of *Apollo*; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin

— *God of the silver Bow, &c.*

While you in the world are concerned about the *Protestant* Succession, I consider only how *Menelaus* may recover *Helen*, and the *Trojan* war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at *Hector's* funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are, whether my friends are well? whether my Translation go well on? whether *Dennis* be writing criticisms? whether any body will answer him, since I don't? and whether *Lintott* be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

I fancy

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To

To the Same.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices which are numberless. *Homer* advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author, —

*Picture in the front,
With bays and twicked rhyme upon't.*

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of Poetry, for it takes me up so intirely that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow Poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My *Réverie* has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think my self uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of *Troy*, or the recovery of *Briseis*.

I fancy

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because I am pretty sure there never was a friendship of so easie a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendship of a stay'd man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantick friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have liv'd to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinc'd of the truth of a Maxim we once agreed in, That nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together,

ther, but meer vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of such an Over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts?

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

Aug. 27, 1714.

WHatever studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The Task I undertook *, tho' of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase, by the enlarging my design of the *Notes*; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carry'd me to *Oxford*: But I fear, thro' my Lord *Harcourt's* and Dr. *Clark's* means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of

* *The Translation of Homer's Iliad.*

the place, than with the Books and Manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of *old Greece*, since I look'd upon two or three more noted names in the publick libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the Engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raze another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, *thus far shalt thou advance and no further* *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country justice. To disarm me indeed may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service: a hundred thousand *Grecians* are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as for-

* This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his *Observations on the second Iliad*.

midable as four thousand *Priests*; and they seem proper forces to send against those in *Barcelona*. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the *Iliad*, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a *Papist*, and to say to you who are a *Papist*, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warm'd with a sense of Liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak Superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly, can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to *London*, on the death of the *Queen*, mov'd by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other men's. I thank God that as for my self, I am below all the accidents of State-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of *Whig* and *Tory*; that the parties may love each other as well

well as I love them both ; or at least hurt each other as little as I would either ; and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs ; that is to say, that want of *power* it self in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of *will* in them. I am sure if all *Whigs* and all *Tories* had the spirit of one *Roman-Catholick* that I know, it would be well for all *Roman-Catholicks* ; and if all *Roman-Catholicks* had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charg'd with so wicked a spirit as that of *Persecution*.

I agree with you in my sentiment of the state of our nation since this change : I find my self just in [the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

Mr.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I cou'd keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. *Addison* and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been plac'd behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length Picture to have heard. He assured me that he wou'd make use not only of his interest, but of his art to do you some service; he did not mean his Art of Poetry, but his Art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself, than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread that he did not care you shou'd prosper too much as a Poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. *Swift* might have carry'd you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity, but now
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all is safe, and you are escap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare your self for some civilities.

I have done *Homer's* head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you wou'd have it so large, or reduc'd to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the Busto? Perhaps there is something more solemn in the Image itself, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. *Addison* together with all sincerity, I value my self upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

Mr. P O P E's Answer.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I Am just arriv'd from *Oxford*, very well diverted and entertain'd there — all very honest fellows — much concern'd for

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the Queen's death. No panegyricks ready yet for the King.

I admire your *Whig-principles* of Resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the *Barcelonians*. I joyn in your wish for them. Mr. *Addison's* verses on Liberty, in his letter from *Italy*, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, O *Liberty!* *thou Goddess heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention'd of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. *Addison* and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by *Philips*, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. *Addison* must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seem'd to be no very just one to me; so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship: And as for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be asham'd to receive 'em from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning,

ligning or envying another's reputation as a Poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who mis-inform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore asham'd to flatter. In a word, Mr. *Addison* is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that pass'd betwixt Dr. *Swift* and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence: The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for *Homer*, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the *Tory-party* ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the *Whig-party* than the same liberty. ——— A curse on the word *Party*, which I have been forc'd to use so often in this period! I wish the present Reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense;

these two sorts must always be enemies, but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please and be friends.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON.

Octob. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by one of my friends who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little Interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service: I am only to get as much from the *Whigs*, as I got by the *Tories*, that is to say, Civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not
to

to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value my self upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you ; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the Author of *Cato* can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you : It is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of *Homer*, which are now in the hands of my Lord *Halifax*. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice, and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My Bookseller is reprinting the *Essay on Criticism*, to which you have done too much honour in your *Spectator* of N^o 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted
" some strokes of ill nature into that Essay,"
is

is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written: but I wou'd not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection: I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each others opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same *Spectator*, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon *Homer's* Verses of *Sisyphus's* Stone, as * *never having been made before by any of the Criticks*: I happen'd to find the same in *Dyonisius of Halicarnassus's* Treatise, *περὶ Συσφισσῶς Οροματον*, who treats very largely upon these Verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read tho' it be since slip't out of your memory. I am with the utmost esteem,

Your, &c.

* These Words are since left out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's Life.

Mr. POPE

*Mr. POPE to the Earl of HALIFAX.**My LORD,**Dec. I, 1714.*

I Am oblig'd to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours. But if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much, (as I sincerely am)

*My Lord, &c.**Mr. POPE*

Mr. POPE to Mr. CONGRÈVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

MEthinks when I write to you, I am making a confession, I have got (I can't tell how) such a custom of throwing my self out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judg'd of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not. The cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better prov'd, than in discovering its own faults at first view: as when a Stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasion'd however, by any thing an * abusive, angry Critick could write of me. I take very kindly your heroick manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great

* Dennis, who writ an abusive Pamphlet this Year, intitled, Remarks on Mr. Pope's Homer.

and

and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd and censur'd by bad writers.

You do no more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom in sometimes neglecting as I do, to reply to your Letters so soon as I ought; those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can waive the ceremonial. A friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my *Homer*, the care is over with me. The world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an Author, as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleas'd with a saying of Monsieur *Tourreil*: "When a Man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope, the very moment the Book goes out of his hands."

I write this from *Binfield*, whither I came yesterday, having past a few days in my way with my Lord *Bolingbroke*: I go to *London* in three days time, and will not fail

to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord *Halifax's*. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think) but I, pay respects to great Men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a *Papist* and a *Poet*. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no purpose, for without the *Opes*, *Æquum animum mi ipse parabo*.

I am your, &c.

Mr. POPE to Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as meer jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. *Cromwell* hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh; and says, the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several templers, and others of the more vociferous

vociferous kind of criticks, went with a resolution to hiss, and confess they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first Nights, (notwithstanding two of them were court-nights) were distinguish'd by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery, receiv'd it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion, but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two criticks seem determin'd to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: To encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolv'd a *Preface* shall be prefixt to the *Farce*, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday Mr. *Steele's* affair was decided: I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punish'd by others, but suffer'd much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) receiv'd any

amends in that of interest, as yet ; whatever may be his Prospects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill : but am really amazed that so much of that sower and pernicious quality shou'd be joyned with so much natural good humour as I think Mr. *Steele* is possess'd of.

I am, &c.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. *Pope* is going to Mr. *Jervas's*, where Mr. *Addison* is sitting for his picture ; in the mean time amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at *Will's*, *Morrice* has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and *Titcomb* is restor'd to the great joy of *Cromwell*, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church-history ; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry ; and Mr. *Pope* owes all

all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. *Whiston*, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of Verses *. Mr. *Rowe's Jane Gray* is to be play'd in *Easter-week*, when Mrs. *Oldfield* is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despis'd Sovereignty? You know *Chaucer* has a tale where a knight saves his head, by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. *Pope's Homer* is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying; this gives Mr. *Lintot* great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a fix-penny *Criticism* lately publish'd upon the Tragedy of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. *Pope* a knave. His grand charge is against the *Pilgrims Progress* being read, which he says is directly level'd at *Cato's* reading *Plato*; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the *Pilgrims Progress* being mention'd to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy

* Call'd, An Ode on the Longitude, in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*.

of *Cato* having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) *visited the Press*. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of Tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused *. Sir *Samuel Garth's* Poem upon my Lord *Clare's* house, I believe will be publish'd in the *Easter-week*.

Thus far Mr. *Gay* — who has in his letter forestall'd all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two a-clock over *Burgundy* and *Champagne*; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of *Homer*. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: Pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortned for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us,

* This curious Piece was entitled, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. It was written by one Griffin a Player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves grievous to many poets, a *Criticism*. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in some Diseases;) and it is the opinion of divers good gueffers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assail'd by critics, are like men bitten by *Tarantula's*, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the precursor to the coming of *Homer*, in a treatise call'd *Homerides*. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and after assauling *Homer*, made a daring attack upon the * *What-d'ye-call-it*. Yet is there not a proclamation issued for the burning of *Homer* and the *Pope* by the common hangman; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet silenc'd by the Lord-Chamberlain. They shall survive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after they and he are damned; (for that the B—p of S. already is so, is the opinion of Dr. *Sacheverel* and the Church of Rome.)

I am, &c.

* In one of his Papers call'd The Grumbler; long since dead.

Mr. POPE

Mr. POPE to the Earl of B----

My LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she would give you an account of the extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. *Lintott*, the redoubtable rival of Mr. *Tonson*, who mounted on a stonehorse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordships mare) overtook me in *Windsor-forest*. He said, he heard I design'd for *Oxford*, the seat of the muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horse? He answer'd, he got it of his publisher: "For
" that rogue, my printer, (said he) disap-
" pointed me: I hoped to put him in good
" humour by a treat at the tavern, of a
" brown fricassée of rabbits which cost two
" shillings, with two quarts of wine, be-
" sides my conversation. I thought my self
" cocksure of his horse, which he readily
" promis'd me, but said, that Mr. *Tonson*
" had just such another design of going to
" *Cambridge*, expecting there the copy of
" *a Comment upon the Revelations*; and if
Mr. *Tonson*

“ Mr. *Tonson* went, he was preingaged to
 “ attend him, being to have the printing
 “ of the said copy.”

So in short, I borrow'd this stonehorse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. *Oldmixon* for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me; he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the Devil is a fair-condition'd Devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more baggs, he shall carry them.

I thought Mr. *Lintott's* civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bagg, containing three shirts and an *Elzevir Virgil*; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid Devil behind.

Mr. *Lintott* began in this manner. “ Now
 “ damn them! what if they should put it
 “ into the news-paper, how you and I
 “ went together to *Oxford*? why what
 “ would I care? If I should go down into
 “ *Sussex*, they would say I was gone to
 “ the Speaker. But what of that? if my
 “ son were but big enough to go on with
 “ the business, by G-d I would keep as
 “ good company as old *Jacob*.”

Hereupon I enquir'd of his son. “ The
 “ lad (says he) has fine parts, but is some-
 N “ what

“ what sickly, *much as you are* — I spare
 “ for nothing in his education at *Westmin-*
 “ *ster*. Pray don't you think *Westminster*
 “ to be the best school in *England*? most
 “ of the *late Ministry* came out of it, so
 “ did many of *this Ministry*; I hope the
 “ boy will make his fortune.”

Don't you design to let him pass a year
 at *Oxford*? “ To what purpose? (said he)
 “ the Universities do but make Pedants,
 “ and I intend to breed him a man of Bu-
 “ siness.”

As Mr. *Lintott* was talking, I observ'd
 he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I
 express'd some solicitude: Nothing says he,
 I can bear it well enough; but since we
 have the day before us, methinks it would
 be very pleasant for you to rest a-while
 under the Woods. When were alighted,
 “ See here, what a mighty pretty *Horace* I
 “ have in my pocket? what if you amus'd
 “ your self in turning an Ode, till we mount
 “ again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what a
 “ clever *Miscellany* might you make at lei-
 “ sure hours.” Perhaps I may, said I, if
 we ride on; the motion is an aid to my
 fancy; a round trot very much awakens
 my spirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll
 think as hard as I can.

Silence ensu'd for a full hour; after
 which Mr. *Lintott* lug'd the reins, stop't
 short

short, and broke out, "Well Sir, how far
 " have you gone?" I answer'd seven miles.
 " Z—ds Sir, said *Lintott*, I thought you
 " had done seven stanza's. *Oldsworth* in
 " a ramble round *Wimbleton-hill*, would
 " translate a whole Ode in half this time.
 " I'll say that for *Oldsworth*, (tho' I lost by
 " his *Timothy's*) he translates an Ode of
 " *Horace* the *quickest* of any man in *En-*
 " *gland*, I remember *Dr. King* would write
 " verses in a tavern three hours after he
 " could n't speak: and there's *Sir Richard*
 " in that rumbling old Chariot of his, be-
 " tween *Fleet-ditch* and *St. Giles's* pound
 " shall make you half a *Job*."

Pray Mr. *Lintott* (said I) now you talk
 of Translators, what is your method of ma-
 naging them? " Sir (reply'd he) those are
 " the saddest pack of rogues in the world:
 " In a hungry fit, they'll swear they un-
 " derstand all the languages in the uni-
 " verse: I have known one of them take
 " down a *Greek* book upon my counter
 " and cry, Ay this is *Hebrew*, I must read
 " it from the latter end. By G-d I can
 " never be sure in these fellows, for I nei-
 " ther understand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*,
 " nor *Italian* my self. But this is my
 " way: I agree with them for ten shillings
 " *per* sheet, with a proviso, that I will
 " have their doings corrected by whom I

“ please ; so by one or other they are led
 “ at last to the true sense of an author ;
 “ my judgment giving the negative to all
 “ my Translators.” But how are you se-
 cure that those correctors may not impose
 upon you ? “ Why I get any civil gentle-
 “ man, (especially any *Scotchman*) that
 “ comes into my shop, to read the origi-
 “ nal to me in *English* ; by this I know
 “ whether my first Translator be deficient,
 “ and whether my Corrector merits his
 “ money or no ?

“ I’ll tell you what happen’d to me last
 “ month : I bargain’d with S——— for
 “ a new version of *Lucretius* to publish
 “ against *Tonson’s* ; agreeing to pay the au-
 “ thor so many shillings at his producing
 “ so many lines. He made a great pro-
 “ gress in a very short time, and I gave it
 “ to the corrector to compare with the
 “ *Latin* ; but he went directly to *Creech’s*
 “ translation, and found it the same word
 “ for word, all but the first page. Now,
 “ what d’ye think I did ? I arrested the
 “ *Translator* for a cheat ; nay, and I stopt
 “ the *Corrector’s* pay too, upon this proof
 “ that he had made use of *Creech* instead
 “ of the original.

Pray tell me next how you deal with
 the Critics ? “ Sir (said he) nothing more
 “ easy. I can silence the most formidable
 “ of

“of them; the rich one’s for a sheet a-
“piece of the blotted manuscript, which
“costs me nothing. They’ll go about
“with it to their acquaintance, and pre-
“tend they had it from the author, who
“submitted to their correction: this has
“given some of them such an air, that in
“time they come to be consulted with,
“and dedicated to, as the top critics of
“the town.— As for the poor Critics,
“I’ll give you one instance of my manage-
“ment, by which you may guess at the
“rest. A lean man that look’d like a very
“good scholar, came to me t’other day;
“he turn’d over *Homer*, shook his head,
“shrug’d up his shoulders, and pish’d at
“every line of it; One would wonder
“*(says he) at the strange presumption of*
“*men; Homer is no such easy task, that*
“*every Stripling, every Versifier — he*
“was going on when my Wife call’d to
“dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to
“eat a *piece of beef* with me? Mr. *Lintott*,
“said he, *I am sorry you should be at the*
“*expence of this great book, I am really con-*
“*cern’d on your account — Sir I am much*
“oblig’d to you: if you can dine upon a
“piece of beef, together with a slice of
“pudding — Mr. *Lintott*, I do not say but
“Mr. *Pope*, if he would condescend to ad-
“vise with men of learning — Sir, the pud-
“ding

"*ding* is upon the table, if you please to"
 "go in — My critic complies, he comes"
 "to a taste of your poetry, and tells me"
 "in the same breath, that the *Book* is"
 "commendable, and the *Pudding* excel-"
 "lent.

Now Sir (concluded Mr. *Lintott*) in re-
 turn to the frankness I have shewn, pray
 tell me, "Is it the opinion of your friends"
 "at Court that my Lord L—— will be"
 "brought to the Bar or not?" I told him
 I heard *not*, and I hop'd it, my Lord be-
 ing one I had particular obligations to.
 "That may be (reply'd Mr. *Lintott*) but"
 "by G-d if he is not, I shall lose the print-"
 "ing of a very good Trial."

These my Lord are a few traits by
 which you may discern the genius of my
 friend Mr. *Lintott*, which I have chosen
 for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as
 soon as I got to *Oxford*, and paid a visit
 to my Lord *Carlton* at *Middleton*.

The conversations I enjoy here are not
 to be prejudic'd by my pen, and the plea-
 sures from them only to be equal'd when
 I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few
 days to cast my self from your horse at
 your feet.

I am, &c.

Dr.

Dr. PARNELL to Mr. POPE.

June 27, 1715.

I Am writing you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I cou'd remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be asham'd to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable: What wou'd you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and fighting condemn the excellence which we find above our reach. —

My * *Zoilus* which you us'd to write about, I finish'd last spring, and left in

* Printed for B. Lintott 1715, 8° under this Title.

town, I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the *First Book* of *Homer*, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may if you please, give *them thanks who writ it*. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprizes me more is, that, a scholar being concern'd, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of *Pallas's* eyes into the eyes of *Achilles*, making the taunt of *Achilles* to *Agamemnon*, (that he should have spoils when *Troy* should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal: the translating what you call *ablution* by the word *Offals*, and so leaving *Water* out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

From

*From a Letter of the Reverend Do-
ctor BERKELEY Dean of Lon-
don-derry.*

July 7, 1715.

Some days ago, three or four Gentle-
men and my self exerting that right which
all readers pretend to over Authors, sat
in judgment upon the two new Transla-
tions of the first *Iliad*. Without partia-
lity to my country-men, I assure you they
all gave the preference where it was
due; being unanimously of opinion, that
yours was equally just to the sense with
Mr. ———'s, and without comparison
more easy, more poetical, and more sub-
lime. But I will say no more on such a
thread-bare subject, as your late performance
is at this time.

I am, &c.

O

Extract

*Extract from a Letter from Mr.
GAY to Mr. POPE.*

July 8, 1715.

— I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your Translation, but a few at *Button's*; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said *Tickel's* translation was the best that ever was in any language*. He treated me with extream civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the Sore finger. — I am inform'd that at *Button's* your character is made very free with as morals, &c. and Mr. A— says, that your translation and *Tickel's* are both very well done, but that the latter has more of *Homer*.

I am, &c.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that "not Mr. Tickel but Mr. Addison" himself was the Person that translated this book.

Extract

Extract from a Letter of Dr. AR-
BUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

— I congratulate you upon Mr. Tickel's first Book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a Translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the History of *ancient Ceremonies and Rites, &c.* in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE to the Honourable JAMES
CRAGGS, Esq;

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, to

assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long born you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have pass'd together. I wish it were a compliment to say such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the Water: for the Spirit of Dissention is gone forth among us; nor is it a wonder that *Button's* is no longer *Button's*, when *Old England* is no longer *Old England*, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politicks as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refin'd sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, profess'd wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about *Whig* and *Tory*, than these idle fellows of the Feather about *Mr. Tickel's* and my Translation. I (like the *Tories*) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my side; but 'tis usual with the smaller Party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that's the case with the little Senate of *Cato*. However, if our Principles be well consider'd, I must

must appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr. *Tickel* a rank *Tory*; I translated *Homer* for the publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of One man only. We have it seems, a great *Turk* in Poetry, who can never bear a Brother on the throne; and has his Mutes too, a sett of Nodders, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new Translator of *Homer* is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling: let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceedings from the small Court-faction at *Button's*. But after all I have said of this great Man, there is no rupture between us: We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the *Grand Monarch*; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, tho' we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of *Homer*, I must not forget the early Present you made me of *Monsieur de la Motte's* Book. And I can't conclude

clude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news which affects our very Entrails, ——— is dead, and Soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the Minister" but to the Friend." — However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the Minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE to Sir WILLIAM
TRUMBULL.

Decemb. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, *When the Winds rise, worship the Eccho.* A modern Writer explains this to signify, "When popular Tumults begin, retire to Solitudes, or such places where Eccho's are commonly found; Rocks, Woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When Rumours increase, and when there is abundance of Noise and Clamour, believe the second Report:" This I think agrees more exactly with the *Eccho*, and is the more natural application of the Symbol.

How-

However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your Cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking Ice to that of breaking Statesmen, the rage of Storms to that of Parties, and fury and ravage of Floods and Tempests, to the precipitancy of some, and the ruin of others, which I fear will be our daily prospect in *London*.

I sincerely wish my self with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rymes and the measuring of syllables: To be almost the only trisler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the Poet in *Petronius*, who while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me you like the sound of no arms but those of *Achilles*: for my part I like them as little as the others. I lifted my self in the battles of *Homer*, and I am no sooner in war, but like most other folks, I wish my self out again.

I hear-

I heartily joy with you in wishing Quiet to our native country: Quiet in the state, which like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or prospect whatsoever: Fire and sword, and fire and faggot are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think to be a lover of one's Country is a glorious Elogy, but I do not think it so great an one as to be a lover of Mankind.

Mr. J— and I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly Catholick health; which far excels the poor narrow-spirited, ridiculous healths now in fashion, to *this Church*, or *that Church*: Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to *wish* generously. These, dear Sir, are my general dispositions, but whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

Sir

Sir W. TRUMBULL'S Answer.

Jan. 19, 1715-6.

I Should be ashamed of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about *Eccho*, and your most ingenious explanation of it, relating to Popular tumults; which I own to be very useful: And yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep my self to a shorter receipt of the same *Pythagoras*, which is *Silence*; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till Your return into this country. I am oblig'd further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the fire as may be, yet *Gelidus concrevit frigore Sanguis*: and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stop'd. I have further, great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor Oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna Boum, &c.*

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second Volume of *Homer* is not frozen; for it must be express'd very poetically to say now, that the Presses sweat.

P

I can-

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being oblig'd to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: When finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of *Martial's* Epigram on *Antonius Primus* *. This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. *Rowe* to enter a Caveat) provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as *honestly* as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the Father of this fine child, or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, *Dear Sir,*

Your, &c.

* Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.
Sir William Trumbull was born at Easthamptst in Berkshire: He was Fellow of All Souls College in Oxford, follow'd the Study of the Civil Law, and was sent by King Charles the
Second

To Mr. Jervas, in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my Tax but once in half a Year, yet you shall see by this Letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double Tax, as we Non-Jurors ought to do. Your Acquaintance on this side the Sea are under terrible Apprehensions, from your long stay in *Ireland*, that you may grow too Polite for them; for we think (since the great success of so damn'd a Play as the Non-Juror) that Politeness is gone over the Water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with *Frogs*, and with equal Success. Poor Poetry! the little that's left of it here longs to cross the Seas, and leave *Eusden* in full

Second Judge-Advocate to Tangier, thence Envoy to Florence, Turin, &c. and in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to France: from thence, sent by King James the Second Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which Office he resign'd in 1697. He retir'd to East-hamsted, in Windsor Forest, and died in the Place of his Nativity in December 1716, aged 77 Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Forest, and address'd to him his first Pastoral at 16 Years of Age.

P

and

and peaceable Possession of the British Laurel: And we begin to wish you had the singing of our Poets, as well as the croaking of our Frogs, to yourselves in *Sæcula Sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if *Parnelle*, and two or three more of your Swans, would come hither, especially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. *Swift*. I am (like the rest of the World) a Sufferer by his Idleness. Indeed I hate that any Man should be idle, while I must translate and comment; And I may the more sincerely wish for good Poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a Translator is no more a Poet, than a Taylor is a Man.

You are doubtless persuaded of the Validity of that famous Verse,

'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear:

but why would you make your Friends fonder of you than they are? There's, no manner of need of it---We begin, to expect you no more than *Anti-christ*. A Man that hath absented himself so long from his Friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every Body here has great need of you. Many Faces have died for ever for want of your Pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd

wither'd in expecting your return. Even *Frank* and *Betty* (that constant Pair) cannot console themselves for your Absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own Picture in a pretty Babe, before you come home: 'Twill be a noble Subject for a Family Piece. Come then, and having peopled *Ireland* with a World of beautiful Shadows, come to us, and see with that Eye (which, like the Eye of the World, creates Beauties by looking on them) see, I say, how *England* has alter'd the Airs of all its heads in your Absence; and with what sneaking City Attitudes our most celebrated Personages appear in the meer mortal Works of our Painters.

Mr. *Fortescue* is much yours; *Gay* commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord *Burlington* desires you may be put in mind of him: His Gardens flourish, his Structures rise, his Pictures arrive, and (what is far nobler and more valuable than all) his own good Qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: Whereof, I the meanest (next to some *Italian* Chymists, Fiddlers, Bricklayers, and Opera-makers) am a living Instance.

To the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my Life so pleasantly as to forget all Misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your Absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant Reasons to forget your Friends on this side the World. If a wish could transport me to you, and your present Companions, I could do the same. Dr. *Swift*, I believe, is a very good Landlord, and a chearful Host at his own Table; I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *Rupta non insanire lagena*. Else he would not make a proper Host for your humble Servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a Glass as seldom as any Man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a Consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other Enormities, under my own Roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms of all friendly Laziness, and have taken an inviolable Oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying
nothing

nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is that I heartily love and esteem the Dean, and Dr. *Parnelle*.

Gay is yours and theirs. His Spirit is awakened very much in the Cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous Couplet or two upon Sir *Richard Bl*— He has printed it with his Name to it, and bravely assigns no other Reason, than that the said Sir *Richard* has abused Dr. *Swift*. I have also suffered in the like Cause, and shall suffer more; unless *Parnelle* sends me his *Zoilus* and *Bookworm* (which the Bishop of *Clogher*, I hear greatly extols) it will be shortly, *Concurrere Bellum atque Virum*. --- I love you all, as much as I despise most Wits in this dull Country. *Ireland* has turned the tables upon *England*; and if I have no Poetical Friend in my own Nation, I'll be as proud as *Scipio*, and say (since I am reduced to Skin and Bone) *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas*.

To the same.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your Correspondent, but to a ramble to *Oxford*, where your name is mention'd with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Doctor *Clarke*; He entertain'd me with several Drawings, and particularly with the original designs of *Inigo Jones's Whitehall*. I there saw and revered some of your first Pieces; which future Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom.* of *Homer*.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. *Parnelle* and his *Frogs*? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, might be *Horace's* wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr. *Parnelle* and Dr. *Swift*. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admir'd in your own Country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets. But in this you have

have the Advantage of Poets; you are Master of an Art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have stay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless Histories of old *Ogygia*. If you have begun to be Historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious *Irishman* ought to begin with, that of *St. Patrick*: To the end you may be obliged (as *Dr. P.* was, when he translated the *Batrachomachia*) to come into *England* to copy the Frogs, and such other Vermine as were never seen in that land since the time of that Confessor.

I long to see you a History Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do something for the Publick; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you should do them right; those Statues from which you learn'd your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their *Characters*. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that noble design.

As to your enquiry about your House, when I come within the walls, they put

me in mind of those of *Carthage*, where your Friend, like the wandering *Trojan*,

Animum Pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious Mansion, like a *Turkish* Caravanferah, entertains the Vagabond with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours, and lend out your Pictures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your House! *Frank* indeed does all he can in such a Circumstance, for considering he has a wild Beast in it, he constantly keeps the Door chain'd. Every time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the rusty Hinges roar, the House seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your Absence; but I still trust myself under its Roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many *Raphaels*, *Titian's* and *Guido's*, as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old House over the Heads of so many Painters. In a word, your House is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger.

Mr.

Mr. Secretary Craggs, to Mr. Pope.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716,

LAST post brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th *Aug.* O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a Witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very Agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where Pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes set the Example, and the Subjects follow at a distance. The Ladies are of all parties, by which means the conversation of the Men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on Politicks, and rough Jests, we are so guilty of; while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Constraint. I must own, at the same time, these Beauties are a little too artificial for my Taste; you have seen a *French Picture*, the Original is more painted, and such a crust of Powder and essence in their Hair, that you can see no difference between
black

black and red. By disusing Stays, and indulging themselves at Table, they are run out of all Shape; but, as to that, they may give a good reason, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this means as ready, as they are generally willing to be Charitable.

I am surpriz'd to find I have wrote so much Scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a Wit, or imagine I must Write in this Style to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small Encouragement you meet with. If you'll compleat your favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords *W—ck*, *St—*, and *H—y*. I have had my hopes and fears they would have abused me before this Time; I am sure it is not my business to meddle with a nest of Bees (I speak only of the Honey.) I won't trouble my self to finish finely, a true Compliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very Sincerely,

SIR, Yours, &c.

The

*The Rev^d. Dean * Berkley, to Mr.
Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is such an exhausted Subject, that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet, is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately return'd from an Island, where I passed three or four Months, which, were it set out in its true Colours, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The Island *Inarime*, is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing within the compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is

* *Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, a celebrated Metaphysician, Author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonuses, the Minute Philosopher, &c.*

in the hottest Season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater part covered to the top with Vines, some with Chesnut Groves, and others with thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields in the Northern side are divided by hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren Spots, and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the middle of the Island (once a terrible *Volcano*, by the Ancients called *Mons Epomeus*) its lower parts are adorned with Vines, and other Fruits, the middle affords Pasture to flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a tract of *Italy* about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of

Antium,

Antium, to the Cape of *Palinurus*. The greater part of which, hath been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte Miseno*, the Habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Lestrygonæ*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campagna felice*, make but a part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice or Ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an alloy to their Happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen, being shot dead by our Door: And yet by the sole secret of minding our own Business, we found a means of living securely among these dangerous People. Would you know how we pass the time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours.

bours. Besides the gayety of their Churches (where Folks go to see what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a sort of Religious Opera) they make Fireworks almost every Week, out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras, out of Devotion; and (what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Musick and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a word, were it not for this Devotion of its Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, beside the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in *Italy*. However, among many pretenders, some Men of taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*. He liked the Notes extreamly, and could find no other fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wish your Success. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare is sincerely wished, by

Yours, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Pope to -----
Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the bosom, to render the Soul of Man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you'll die in *Ireland*, and that the Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam reverteris*. I shou'd be apt to think you in *Sancho's* case; some Duke has made you Governor of an Island, or wet place, and you are administering Laws to the wild *Irish*. But I must own, when you talk of *Building* and *Planting*, you touch my String; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the Fellow that thought himself *Jupiter* would have pardon'd the other Madman who call'd himself his Brother *Neptune*. Alas Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and at last thro' meer dulness is turn'd an Architect. You know *Martial's* Censure---
Præconem facito, vel Architectum. However I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and

to surprize (as *Bays* says.) The next you may expect to hear, is that I am in Debt.

The History of my Transplantation and Settlement which you desire, would require a Volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my Life: Much more, should I describe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perspectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily rais'd, by the strength of that Faculty wherein all great Genius's excel, Imagination. At last, the Gods and Fate have fix'd me on the borders of the *Thames*, in the Districts of *Richmond* and *Twickenham*. It is here I have pass'd an entire Year of my life, without any fix'd abode in *London*, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a Month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd in triumph from Eternizing the *Ireland* of this Age. For you my Structures rise; for you my Colonades extend their Wings; for you my Groves aspire, and Roses bloom. And to say truth, I hope Posterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal Motives of my Architecture, that it was a Mansion prepar'd to receive you, against your own
should

should fall to dust, which is destin'd to be the Tomb of poor — and — and the immortal Monument of the Fidelity of two such Servants, who have excell'd in Constancy the very Rats of your Family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care, or know, how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon Paper, are as strong for telling it you in Person; and I am uneasy to be so long deny'd the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the *Irish* Sea, like the Ghosts in *Virgil*,

— *Tristi palus inamabilis unda*
Alligat, & novies Styx circumfusa coercet!

and I can't express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning Conferences in bed in the same Room, our evening Walks in the Park, our amusing Voyages on the Water, our philosophical Suppers, our Lectures, our Dissertations, our Gravities, our Reveries, our Fooleries, our what not? — This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor *Parnelle*, *Garth*, *Rowe*! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the Death of the last: *Parnelle* was too much in my mind, to
Q
whose

whose Memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at *Chester*, or *Dublin*; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr. *Rowe*; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for *Westminster-Abbey* --- After these, the best natur'd of Men, Sir *Samuel Garth*, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His Death was very Heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint, or a Philosopher famous: But ill Tongues, and worse Hearts have branded even his last Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life, with Irreligion. You must have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*.

I am, &c.

LETTERS

...I am crossing the Red Mo-
...I can. What he gave me is publish-
...a small part of what he left behind
...it was the best, and I will not make
...it. I'd like to know if



...his heart, or as to be taken for his
...Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected
...to Mr. Rowe; I am writing
...his Epitaph for Westminster-

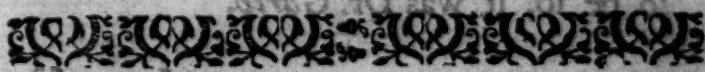
LETTERS

...the trust concern for his loss. His Death
...was very sudden, and unexpected enough
...to have made a Saint or a Philosopher fa-

ROBERT DIGBY,

...have branded even his last Moments, as
...wrongfully as they did his Life, with Ir-
...religion. You must have heard many
...Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was
...a good Christian without knowing himself

From Mr. POPE.



LETTERS

LETTERS

To the Honorable

ROBERT DIGBY

From Mr. POPE.

To the Honorable Robert Digby.

Christchurch, Jan. 2, 1717.

I Had pleas'd myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a Fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your * Physicians. They are as grave Persons as any of the Faculty, and (like the Ancients) carry their own Medicaments about with them. But indeed the Moderns are such lovers of Rallery, that nothing is grave enough to engage them. Let 'em laugh, but People will still have their Opinions: As they think our Doctors Affes to them, we'll think them Affes to our Doctors.

* Affes.

I am

Q 2

LETTERS

To the Honourable

ROBERT DIGBY,

From Mr. POPE.

*To the Honourable Robert Digby.**Chiswick, Jan. 2, 1717.**Dear Sir,*

I Had pleas'd myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your Successor in a Fit of Sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your * Physicians. They are as grave Persons as any of the Faculty, and (like the Antients) carry their own Medicaments about with them. But indeed the Moderns are such lovers of Raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let 'em laugh, but People will still have their Opinions: As they think our Doctors Asses to them, we'll think them Asses to our Doctors.

* Asses.

Q 2

I am

I am glad you are so much in a better state of Health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your Danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill Dr. *Evans* should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the World, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concern'd as to the point, whether you are to live fat or lean: Most Men of Wit or Honesty are usually decreed to live very lean; so I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you shall: However be comforted, and reflect that you'll make the better Busto for it.

'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own Books, but to make your Acquaintance continue the frolick. Mr. *Wharton* forc'd me to take *Gorboduc*, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done *Dryden* and *Oldham* some kindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their *Gorbuduc*, and this, as between *Queen Anne*, and *King George*. It is truly a scandal, that Men should write with contempt of a Piece which they never once saw, as those two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the Sex, as well as Sense, of *Gorboduc*.

Adieu!

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the Terms of *Agamemnon*, and the Recovery of *Briseis*. I shall be *Achilles's* humble Servant these two months (with the good leave of all my Friends.) I have no Ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir *Salathiel Lovel*, Recorder of *London*, To furnish out a decent and plentiful Execution, of *Greeks* and *Trojans*. It is not to be express'd how heartily I wish the Death of all *Homer's* Heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the Day of Battle, which is just approaching! Dear Sir, join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always (whether I live, die, or am damn'd as a Poet)

Yours most faithfully.

To the same.

London, March 31, 1718.

Dear Sir,

TO convince you how little pain I give myself, in corresponding with Men of good Nature, and good Understanding, you see I omit to answer your Letters till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If

therefor

therefore you are ever moved on my account by that Spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a Quotidian Ague, I mean the Spirit of Goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a Civility beyond my natural Inclination: I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my Folly when I write, but with my Negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the rest of this Paper, it should be spotted and diversified with Conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with Laughter at each Sentence, and pause at each Period, to look back over how much Wit you had pass'd. But I have found by experience, that people now-adays regard Writing as little as they do Preaching: The most we can hope is to be heard, just with Decency and Patience, once a week, by Folks in the Country: Here in Town we hum over a piece of fine Writing, and we whistle at a Sermon. The Stage is the only place we seem alive at; there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the Government. As for all other Virtues but this Loyalty, they are an obsolete Train, so ill-dress'd, that Men, Women, and Children hiss 'em out of all good Company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door,
that

that every Footman out-raps it, and makes
it give way to the free Entrance of Pride,
Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady *Scudamore*, from having rusti-
cated in your Company too long, really
behaves herself scandalously among us: She
pretends to open her eyes for the sake of
seeing the Sun, and to sleep because it is
Night; drinks Tea at nine in the Morn-
ing, and is thought to have said her Prayers
before; talks without any manner of shame
of good Books, and has not seen *Cibber's*
Play of the *Non-juror*. I rejoiced the other
day to see a Libel on her Toilette, which
gives me some hope that you have at least
a Taste of Scandal left you, in defect of all
other Vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish
you well; but as I cannot entirely desire
the ruin of all the Joys of this City, so all
that remains is to wish you would keep
your Happiness to yourselves, that the
happiest here may not die with Envy at
a Bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

May 1, 1720.

YOU'LL think me very full of my self,
when after a long Silence (which

however to say truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to forget you. I begin to talk of my own Works. I find it is in the Finishing a Book, as in concluding a Session of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for Incidents to retard the Clearing any publick Account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagu'd my self, like great Ministers, with undertaking too much for one Man, and with a Desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having design'd Four very laborious and uncommon sorts of Indexes to *Homer*, I'm forc'd, for want of time, to publish two only; the design of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've also been oblig'd to leave unfinished in my desk the Heads of two Essays, one on the *Theology and Morality of Homer*, and another on the *Oratory of Homer and Virgil*. So they must wait for future Editions, or perish; and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*.

I think of you every day. I assure you, even without such good Memorials of you as your Sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord

Digby

Digby must be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his Children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your Family, to make all Elder Sons wish they had Fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the subject of filial Love, without putting you in mind of an old Woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her Son for not having writ to you oftner, to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady *Scudamore* wishes, your Sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful Contraste this Season affords us, of the Town and the Country. No Ideas you could form in the Winter can make you imagine what *Twickenham* is (and what your Friend Mr. *Johnson* of *Twickenham* is) in this warmer Season. Our River glitters beneath an unclouded Sun, at the same time that its Banks retain the Verdure of Showers: Our Gardens are offering their first Nofegays; our Trees, like new Acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their Arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: The Birds are paying their thanksgiving Songs for the new Habitations I have made 'em: My Building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity

curiosity of the Passenger from the River, where, upon beholding a mixture of Beauty and Ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what Church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of *Vitruvius*; whatever delight the true, unseen, poetical Gods of the River may take, in reflecting on their Streams my *Tuscan Porticos*, or *Ionic Pilasters*.

But (to descend from all this Pomp of Style) the best account I can give of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant Rooms for such a Friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady *Scudamore*, when she will do me the honour (at this Publick House on the Road) to drink her own Cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the Death of a Friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a meer Jest! Buildings, Gardens, Writings, Pleasures, Works, of whatever stuff Man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a Creature that is Mortal, or of satisfying a Soul that is Immortal! Dear Sir, I am

Your most faithful Servant.

To

To the same.

July 20. 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my Health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seem'd an unconcern'd party in the Joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short *Eschantillon* of a Letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short Glimpse of a Vision afforded to some devout Hermit; for it includes (as those Revelations do) a promise of a better Life in the Elysian Groves of *Cirencester*, whither, I could almost say in the style of a Sermon, the *Lord bring us all, &c.* Thither may we tend, by various ways to one blissful Bower: Thither may Health, Peace, and Good Humour, wait upon us as Associates: Thither may whole Cargoes of Nectar (Liquor of Life and Longevity!) by mortals call'd *Spaw-water*, be convey'd, and there (as *Milton* has it) may we, like the Deities,

*On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands
Quaff Immortality and Joy — [crown'd,*

When

When I speak of Garlands, I should not forget the green Vestments and Scarfs which your Sisters promis'd to make for this purpose: I expect you too in Green with a Hunting-horn by your Side and a green Hat, the Model of which you may take from *Osborne's Description of King James the First.*

What Words, what Numbers, what Oratory or what Poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love and desire you all, above all the Great ones, the rich ones, and the vain ones of this part of the World! above all the Jews, Jobbers, Bubbles, Subscribers, Projectors, Directors, Governors, Treasurers, &c. &c. &c. &c., *in secula seculorum!*

Turn your Eyes and Attention from this miserable mercenary Period, and turn yourself, in a just Contempt of these Sons of Mammon, to the Contemplation of Books, Gardens, and Marriage. In which I now leave you, and return (Wretch that I am!) to Water-gruel and *Palladio*; Bath; To know him. The long dead to our World, is reviv'd in him; He is a Philosopher all of fire; to warmly say to wisely in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks

To the same.

Twickenham, Sept. 1.

Dear Sir,

YOUR Doctor is going to the *Bath*, and stays a Fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any for one that is ill, and a better Doctor than any for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. *Mary Digby*: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him; For (as Dean *Swift* observ'd to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) *He is a Man that can do every thing, but walk.* His Brother, who is lately come into *England*, goes also to the *Bath*; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The Spirit of *Philanthropy*, so long dead to our World, is reviv'd in him: He is a Philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own *Vortex*. He is a Star that looks

looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a Friend, yet He is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy serve a Friend.

As all human Life is chequer'd and mixed with Acquisitions and Losses (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory) so at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy Man I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly Neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It's certain the Loss of one of this Character puts us naturally upon setting a greater Value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our Esteem may be different. Nothing, says *Seneca*, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one Friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining Ruin, the last tottering Column of all the Fabrick of Friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried!

I am, &c.

To

looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Brim-
~~stone, all gentle and beneficial Influence~~
 If there be other men in the world that
 would serve a Master, the only one
 I believe that could make even an Enemy

To the same.

Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Have belief enough in the goodness of
 your whole family, to think you will all
 be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in safety at
 Twickenham; tho' tis a sort of Earnest, that
 you will be troubled again with me at Sher-
 borne, or Colehill; for however I may like
 One of your places, it may be in that as in
 liking One of your family; when one sees
 the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my
 services acceptable to them; I wish them all
 the happiness they may want, and the con-
 tinuance of all the happiness they have; and
 I take the latter to comprize a great deal
 more than the former. I must separate Lady
 Scudamore from you, as I fear she will do
 herself, before this letter reaches you: So I
 wish her a good journey, and I hope one
 day to try if she lives as well as You do;
 tho' I much question if she can live as quiet-
 ly: I suspect the Bells will be ringing at her
 arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's
 birthdays, and that all the Clergy in the
 County come to pay respects; both the Cler-
 gy and their Bells expecting from her, and
 from

from the young Lady, further business, and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord *Corningsby*, and on the other Mr. *W----* Yet I shall, when the Days and the Years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord *Digby* to think me a better Man than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am in as sincere a sense of the word, His Servant, as you are his Son, or he your Father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from *Clarendon*, and desire Mr. *Philips* to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. *W----* that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robb'd of their Good name, a better Name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they like best for the sake of the Man that bears it:)

Your ever faithful

and affectionate Servant!

Mr. POPE to Mr. DIGBY. 147

To the same.

1722

YOUR making a sort of Apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest Knowledge in the World) I know you will forgive me: For sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a Friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a Conviction of his Kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in Intentions, and never to rise to Actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this Summer at *Sherbourn*. I'm told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. *Mary Digby* talks in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of seeing my Lord *Bathurst's* Wood in her way. How much I wish to be her Guide thro' that enchanted Forest, is not to be exprest: I look upon myself as the Magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the Recesses of those sacred Shades. I could pass whole Days, in only describing to
R her

her the future, and as yet visionary Beauties, that are to rise in those Scenes: The Palace that is to be built, the Pavillions that are to glitter, the Colonnades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' secret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rise and openly celebrate their Marriage in the midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Posterity a hundred Years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest Wood in *England*.

The Objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different Nature. Women of Quality are all turn'd Followers of the *Camp* in *Hyde-Park* this Year, whither all the Town resort to magnificent Entertainments given by the Officers, &c. The *Scythian* Ladies that dwelt in the Waggon of War, were not more closely attached to the Luggage. The Matrons, like those of *Sparta*, attend their Sons to the Field, to be the Witnesses of their glorious Deeds; and the Maidens with

with all their Charms display'd, provoke the Spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee supply the place of *Lacedemonian* black Broth. This Camp seems crowned with perpetual Victory, for every Sun that rises in the Thunder of Cannon, sets in the Musick of Violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the *Princess*, to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At *Twickenham* the World goes otherwise. There are certain old People who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other Company. They were introduced here by a Man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my Contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon 'em. The Person I complain of is the Bishop of *Rocheſter*. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your Character and that of your Family, as if you were of the old Sect of Moralists) to write three or four sides of Paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of People never tell but with Truth, and religious Sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Dear S. I. R.
Yours, &c.
R 2 To

To the same.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing Expectation to see you in Town. Indeed since the willing Confinement I have lain under here with my Mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your Absence from *London*, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick Room hither from the first Embraces of your Friends. My Mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her Chamber, yet enough to enjoy a few particular Friends, when they have the good Nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the Room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) Account, that it is the very warmest in the House: We and our Fires will equally smile upon your Face. There is a *Persian* Proverb that says, I think very prettily, *The Conversation of a Friend brightens the Eyes.* This I take to be a Splendor,

Splendor still more agreeable than the Fires
you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own Fire-
side, in the metaphorical Sense, that is, all
those of your Family who make it pleasing
to sit and spend whole wintry Months to-
gether, (a far more rational Delight, and
better felt by an honest Heart, than all the
glaring Entertainments, numerous Lights,
and false Splendors, of an *Assembly* of empty
Heads, aking Hearts, and false Faces) This
is my sincere Wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much Pleasure in
seeing some few *Faces* about Town of my
Acquaintance, I guess you mean Mrs. *How-*
ard's and Mrs. *Blount's*. And I assure you,
you ought to take as much Pleasure in their
Hearts, if they are what they sometimes ex-
press with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very
faithful Servant.

her Chamber, yet enough to enjoy a few
particular Friends, when they have the good-
Nature to look upon her. I may recom-
mend to you the Room we sit in, upon one
~~(and that is a room which I have the~~
very warmest in the House. We and our
Pier will equally smile upon your Face
There is a Person provided that says, I think
very prettily. I have a friend of a friend
of yours. This I take to be a
Splendor

To the same.

Octob. 10.

Dear Sir,

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater Journey than to *Bermudas*, even to That undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn no Traveller returns!

A Fever carry'd me on the high Gallop towards it for six or seven days — But here you have me now, and that's all I shall say of it: Since which time an impertinent Lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say (after the other dangerous Illness) "You shall neither go into the "other World, nor any where you like in "this." Else who knows but I had been at *Hom-lacy*?

I conspire in your Sentiments, emulate your Pleasures, wish for your Company. You are all of one Heart and one Soul, as was said of the Primitive Christians: 'Tis like the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth; not a wicked Wretch to interrupt you; but a Set of try'd, experienc'd Friends, and fellow Comforters, who have seen Evil Men and Evil Days, and have by a superior Rectitude of Heart set yourselves above them, and

and reap your Reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a Millenary Year in *London*? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other Creatures, in that Scene of Folly Militant, when you may reign for ever at *Hom-lacy* in Sense and Reason Triumphant? I appeal to a Third Lady in your Family, whom I take to be the most Innocent, and the least warp'd by idle Fashion and Custom, of you all; I appeal to Her, if you are not every Soul of you better People, better Companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her Opinion under her Hand in your next Letter, I mean Miss *Scudamore's* ++ — I'm confident if she would, or durst speak her Sense, and employ that Reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more Thoughtfulness into you all; those Arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of Town, like People sensible of your own Felicities. I am not without hopes, if She can detain a Parliament Man and a Lady of Quality from the World one Winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible Arguments another Year, as may carry you all

++ Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort, at this time about twelve Years old.

with me to *Bermudas*, † the Seat of all
 Earthly Happiness, and the new *Jerusalem*
 of the Righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the Year, the
 Season is good where the People are so: 'Tis
 the best Time of the Year for a Painter;
 there is more Variety of Colours in the
 Leaves, the Prospects begin to open, thro'
 the thinner Woods, over the Vallies; and
 thro' the high Canopies of Trees to the
 higher Arch of Heaven: The Dews of the
 Morning impearl every Thorn, and scatter
 Diamonds on the verdant Mantle of the
 Earth: The Frosts are fresh and wholesome:
 What wou'd ye have? The Moon shines
 too, tho' not for Lovers these cold Nights,
 but for Astronomers.

Have ye not *Reflecting Telescopes* * where-
 by ye may innocently magnify her Spots and
 Blemishes? Content yourselves with them,
 and do not come to a Place where your own
 Eyes become Reflecting Telescopes, and
 where those of all others are equally such
 upon their Neighbours. Stay You at least
 (for what I've said before relates only to the
 Ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any
 Eyes but theirs) Stay, I say, from that idle,

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkly conceiv'd his Project
 of erecting a Settlement in Bermuda for the Propagation of the
 Christian Faith, and of Sciences in America.

* These Instruments were just then brought to perfection.

busy-

busy-looking Sanhedrin, where *Wisdom* or
No Wisdom is the Eternal Debate, not (as it
 lately was in *Ireland*) an Accidental one.
 If after all, you will despise good Advice,
 and resolve to come to *London*; here you
 will find me, doing just the things I should
 not, living where I should not, and as world-
 ly, as idle, in a Word as much an *Anti-Ber-*
mudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the
 Ladies know I am their Servant, You know
 I am

Yours, &c.

To the same.

Aug. 12

I Have been above a Month strolling about
 in *Buckinghamshire* and *Oxfordshire*, from
 Garden to Garden, but still returning to *Lord*
Cobham's with fresh Satisfaction. I should
 be sorry to see my Lady *Seudamore's*, till it
 has had the full Advantage of *Lord Bathurst's*
 Improvements; and then I will expect some-
 thing like the Waters of *Riskins*, and the
 Woods of *Oakley* together, which (without
 Flattery) would be at least as good as any
 thing in our World: For as to the hanging
 Gardens

Gardens of *Babylon*, the Paradise of *Cyrus*, (and the *Sharawaggi's* of *China*, I have little or no Ideas of 'em, but I dare say Lord B---t has, because they were certainly both very Great, and very Wild. I hope Mrs. *Mary Digby* is quite tired of his Lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie*; and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining, on a Bank, fatigu'd with over much Dancing and Singing at his unwearied Request and Instigation. I know your love of Ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too Quiet to enjoy Quiet, and too Philosophical to be a Philosopher; were it not for the Ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's Maxims is, that a total Abstinence from Intemperance or Business, is no more *Philosophy*, than a total Consopition of the Senses is *Repose*; one must *Feel* enough of its Contrary to have a Relish of either. But after all, let your Temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for his Lordship when you come to Town in the Winter. Folly will laugh you into all the Customs of the Company, here; nothing will be able to prevent your Conversion to her, but Indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to Vice, you are safe, but Folly is many an honest Man's, nay every good-

Mr. POPE to Mr. DIGBY. 157

good-humour'd Man's Lot: Nay, it is the Seasoning of Life; and Fools (in one Sense) are the Salt of the Earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole Mouthful is justly call'd the Devil.

So much for your Diversions next Winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on Earth an Image of Paradise, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I wou'd have my innocent Envy and Wishes of your State known to you all; which is far better than making you Compliments, for it is inward Approbation and Esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere Servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

To the same.

Sept. 10 1724.

Dear Sir,

I AM glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a Youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of Sixteen, and (what

(what makes him still more a Child) a King of *French-men*. My own Time has been more melancholy, spent in an Attendance upon Death, which has seized one of our Family, my poor old Nurse. My Mother is something better, though at her advanc'd Age every Day is a Climacterick. There was join'd to this an Indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one, compar'd with my Mother's, (because my Life is not of half the Consequence to any Body, that hers is to me). All these Incidents have hinder'd my more speedy Reply to your obliging Letter.

The Article you enquire of, is of as little Concern to me as you desire it shou'd; namely the Railing Papers about the *Odyssey*. If the Book has Merit, (and since you like it, it must) it will extinguish all such nasty Scandal, as the Sun puts an end to stinks, meerly by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest Mind is not in the power of any dishonest one: To break its Peace, there must be some Guilt or Consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own Principles. Not but Malice and Injustice have their Day, like some poor short-liv'd Vermin, that die of shooting their own Stings. *Falsbood is Folly* (says *Homer*), and Liers and Calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even

LETTER 2 OF 159
Mr. PORE to Mr. DIGBY. 159)
in this World! In the next, 'tis Charity
to say, God have Mercy on them! They
were the Devil's Vice-gerents upon Earth,
who is the Father of Lies, and I fear has a
Right to dispose of his Children.

I've had an Occasion to make these Re-
flections of late, more justly than from any
thing that concerns my Writings, for it is
one that concerns my Morals, and (which I
ought to be as tender of as my own) the
good Character of another very innocent
Person, who I'm sure shares your Friendship
no less than I do. ***** No Creature has
better natural Dispositions, or would act
more rightly, or reasonably, in every Duty,
did she act by herself, or from herself: But
you know 'tis the Misfortune of that Fa-
mily to be govern'd like a Ship, I mean the
Head guided by the Tail, and that by every
Wind that blows in it.

I will I had nothing to trouble me more,
an honest Mind is not in the power of any

disposeth one: To break Peace there must
be some Guilt, which is
inconvenient with its own Principles. Not
that I think we have been Day,

Dear Sir,
like some poor soul, in a yearling

IT is now the Season to wish you a good
End of one Year, and a happy Beginning
of another: but both these you know how
to make yourself, by only continuing such

a Life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for Good Works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashion'd, or too private, to constitute any Part of the Vanity or Reputation of the present Age. However, it were to be wish'd People would now and then look upon Good Works as they do upon old Wardrobes, meerly in case any of'em should by chance come into Fashion again; as ancient Fardingales revive in modern Hoop'd Petticoats, (which may be properly compar'd to Charities, as they cover a multitude of Sins)

They tell me that at ——— certain antiquated Charities, and obsolete Devotions are yet subsisting: That a thing called Christian Cheerfulness, (not incompatible with *Christmas* Pyes and Plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old Sermons and Almanacks, is really kept alive and in Practise: That feeding the Hungry, and giving Alms to the Poor, do yet make a Part of good House-keeping, in a Latitude not more remote from *London* than fourscore Miles: And lastly, that Prayers and Roast-beef actually make some People as happy, as a Whore and a Bottle. But here in Town

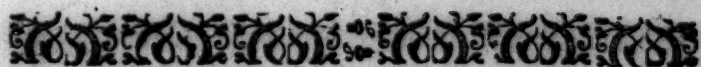
I assure you, Men, Women, and Children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four Cardinal Virtues, now reign four Princely ones: We have Cunning for Prudence, Rapine for Justice, Time-serving for Fortitude, and Luxury for Temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a State of Ignorance, and see nothing but Quiet, Religion and Good Humour, the Case is just as I tell you where People understand the World, and know how to live with Credit and Glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the Eyes of Men, and make 'em sensible which of these is right: Whether upon a due Conviction, we are to quit Faction, and Gaming, and High-feeding and Whoring, and take to your Country Way? or you to leave Prayers, and Almsgiving, and Reading and Exercise, and come into our Measures? I wish (I say) that this Matter were as clear to all Men, as it is to

Your Affectionate, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

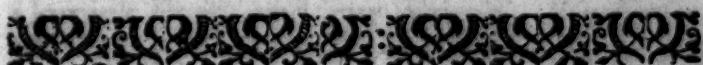


LETTERS

To the Honourable

EDW. BLOUNT, Esq;

From Mr. POPE.



LETTERS

EDWARD BLOWN, Esq.

LETTERS

EDWARD BLOWN, Esq.

Jan. 21, 1853

Dear Sir, I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you as present, as some circumstances of the late A. A. of that eminent and our friend, Mr. B. I had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. A few days before his death he gave the Ceremony; and I have been told that two Sacraments which will meanly should be the last we receive; but if you give, I have placed it in your hands.

LETTERS

TO

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

From 1715 to 1725.

To EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Know of nothing that will be so Inter-
esting to you at present, as some cir-
cumstances of the last Act of that eminent
Comick Poet, and our Friend, *Wycherley*.
He had often told me, as I doubt not he did
all his Acquaintance, that he would Marry
as soon as his life was despair'd of. Accord-
ingly a few days before his Death he un-
derwent the Ceremony ; and join'd together
those two Sacraments which wise Men say
should be the last we receive ; For if you ob-
serve, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme

Unction in our Catechism, as a kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, satisfy'd in the Conscience of having, by this one Act paid his just Debts, obliged a Woman who (he was told had) Merit, and shewn an heroick resentment of the ill usage of his next Heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those Debts; a Jointure of four hundred a year made her a Recompense; and the Nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable Remains of a mortgaged Estate. I saw our Friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his Sickness than he used to be in his Health; neither much afraid of Dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of Marrying. The Evening before he expired, he called his young Wife to the bed side, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurances of consenting to it, he told her, *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.* I cannot help remarking, that Sickness which often destroys both Wit and Wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that Talent which we call *Humour*: Mr. Wycherley shew'd his, even in this last Compliment; tho' I think his request a little hard; for why

Mr. POPE to ED. BLOUNT, Esq. 167

why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy Terms?

So trivial as these Circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd my self to know such Trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent Person. The wisest and wittiest of Men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober Moments. At least, our Friend ended much in the Character he had lived in: And *Horace's* Rule for a Play, may as well be apply'd to him as a Playwright,

Servetur ad inum

Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

To the same.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Am just return'd from the Country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pais'd a Week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a Man of his Turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you there is a Vivacity and Gaiety of Disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which

generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by Moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights ; and giving my Thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those Satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the Company of separate Spirits, when we shall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vast a distance as we now do on those Worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that Conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature ; for the Happiness of Minds can surely be nothing but Knowledge.

The highest Gratification we receive here from Company is *Mirth*, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty.

Keeping good Company, even the best, is but a less shameful Art of losing Time.

What we here call *Science* and *Study*, are little better : The greater number of Arts to which we apply ourselves are mere Groping in the Dark ; and even the search of our most important Concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can,
 what

Mr. POPE to ED. BLOUNT, Esq; 169

what without all this sollicitude we shall know a little later. We are but *Curious Impertinents* in the case of Futurity. 'Tis not our business to be guessing what the State of Souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy; We cannot be Knowing, but we can be Virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great part of that high Science, Divinity; you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty Stress upon the rest. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other use, than Horses of the Bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toss their Heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to Joggon a little more merrily.

Your Observations on the narrow conceptions of Mankind in the point of Friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for Opinions like these, which I discover'd in your Mind, I had never made the Trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe not less to your Satisfaction: For if I know you right, your Pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

S 4

Your

Your Remark, that the Variety of opinion in Politicks or Religion is often rather a Gratification, than Objection, to people who have Sense enough to consider the beautiful order of Nature in her Variations; makes me think you have not construed *Joannes Secundus* wrong, in the Verse which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole World. I am pretty sure You and I should no more make good *Inquisitors* to the modern Tyrants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for *Lictors* to *Procrustes*, when he converted refractory Members with the Rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a Man who has Charity, as I hope that any Priest can save him without it.

I am, &c.

To

Mr. POPE to ED. BLOUNT, Esq, 1711

To the same.

March 20, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Find that a real concern is not only a Hindrance to Speaking, but to Writing too: The more time we give our selves to think over one's own, or a Friends unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter, at such a Season as this, as to retard a melancholy Visit to a Person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that Circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of Sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced Gayeties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things sacred; to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments or Heroic Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no need of being Spirited up into Honour, or like a weak Woman, Praised into an opinion of its own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and Men should know, that the noble power of Suffering bravely is as far above that of Enterprizing greatly, as an unblemish'd Conscience and inflexible Resolution are above

bove an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a sudden Tide of Blood. If the whole Religious Business of Mankind be included in Resignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow Creatures; there are now some People who give us the Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practising the one, as themselves have given an infamous Instance of the Violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: For the greatest Power on Earth can no sooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating Consolations in a Calamity of so much Glory, one might say that to be ruin'd thus in the Gross, with a whole People, is but like perishing in the General Conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

It methinks in our present Condition, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each others Load, and (oppress'd as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppress'd. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our Money, there are yet others who may be relieved by our Council, by our Countenance, and even by our
Chear-

Chearfulness. The Misfortunes of private Families, the Misunderstandings of People whom Distresses make suspicious, the Coldnesses of Relations whom Change of Religion may dis-unite, or the Necessities of half-ruin'd Estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be soften'd in some degrees, by a general well-manag'd Humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your Principles of Belief, had also your Sense and Conduct. But indeed most of 'em have given lamentable † proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want Sense, are only religious thro' weakness, and good-natur'd thro' Shame: These are narrow-minded Creatures that never deal in Essentials; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French Refugee at this instant; what must my Concern then be, when I perceive so many Anxieties now tearing those Hearts which I have desired a place in, and Clouds of Melancholy rising on those Faces which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stu-

† This was written in the Year of the Affair of Preston,

which we cannot give our Money, there are
 and each by our Conscience, and each by our
 cheap

pid to apprehend. I grieve with the Old, for so many additional Inconveniencies, and Chagrins, more than their small Remain of Life seem'd destin'd to undergo; and with the Young, for so many of those Gayeties and Pleasures (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the Widow and Fatherless, late of ———— As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Sense of others Misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own; so I earnestly wish, that whatever part they must bear may be render'd as supportable to them as it is in the power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a Letter of your Lady's (which I have seen) that their Ease and Tranquility is part of your Care. I believe there's some Fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from *Windſor* Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their Fellow-Prisoners, who are condemn'd to follow them

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them a few weeks after. I parted from
honest Mr. D—— with tenderness; and
from old Sir William Trumball as from a
venerable Prophet, foretelling with lifted
hands the Miseries to come, from which he
is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

— *Nos dulcia loquimur arva,*

My next Lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus —

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases!
I have provided just enough to keep me a
Man of Honour. I believe you and I shall
never be ashamed of each other. I know
I wish my Country well, and if it undoes
me, it shall not make me wish it other-
wise.

To the same.

June 22. 1716.

Dear Sir,

IF a Regard both to Publick and Private
Affairs may plead a lawful Excuse in
behalf of a negligent Correspondent, I have
really a very good Title to it: I cannot say
whe-

whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappinefs; that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole Application to *Homer*; when without that Employment, my Thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the Violence, Madness and Repentment of modern War-makers, which are likely to prove (to some People at least) more fatal, than the same Qualities in *Achilles* did to his unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the change of my Scene of Life, from *Windsor* Forest to the Side of the *Thames*, be one of the grand *Æra's* of my days, and may be called a notable Period in so inconsiderable a History; yet you can scarce imagine any Hero passing from one Stage of Life to another, with so much Tranquillity, so easy a Transition, and so laudable a Behaviour. I am become so truly a Citizen of the World (according to *Plato's* Expression) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have lost, and on what I have gained. The Times and Amusements past are not more like a Dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at least from Obscurity, that the *Darkness* helps me to *sleep* the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember much as separate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals,
neither

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neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careless of ours: but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their Company.

To grow indifferent to the World is to grow Philosophical, or Religious; (whichever of those Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is such a thing as one that thinks pretty much, must either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natur'd. So the most politic Way is to seem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, greater Lovers, and in short greater Fools, than we really are: So shall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, favour'd by our Masters, and happy with our Mistresses. I have filled my Paper, and so adieu.

To the same.

Sept. 8. 1717.

Dear Sir,

I Think your leaving *England* was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the blessed Conscience of having acted well

well in it: And I hope you have received your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the Religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose Constancy in suffering Pain, and whose Resolution in pursuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this side the Water. I beg if your health be restor'd to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it: Your endeavours of Service and good Advices to the poor Papists, put me in mind of *Noah's* preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an *Ararat*, and the Wife and Family, (the hopes of the good Patriarch) land safely after the Deluge upon the Shore of *Totness*.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred history, I would chear you with the old Tale of *Brutus* the wandering Trojan, who found on that very Coast the happy End of his Peregrinations and Adventures.

I have very lately read *Jeffery* of *Monmouth* (to whom your *Cornwall* is not a little beholden) in the Translation of a Clergyman
in

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in my neighbourhood. The poor Man is highly concerned to vindicate *Jeffery's* veracity as an Historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the *Roman* communion could doubt of the Legends of his Giants, while we believ'd those of our Saints? I am forced to make a fair Composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of *Corinæus* and *Gögmagog*, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. *Christopher's* carrying Christ, and the Resuscitation of St. *Nicholas Tolentine's* Chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of Infidelity.

Ajax and *Hector* are no more; compared to *Corinæus* and *Arthur*, than the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines* were to the *Mohocks* of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing Writer has made me lay aside *Homer* for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate with belief and reverence the Speech of *Achilles's* Horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a Sheet full of Compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in *Jeffery* is false) than that I have a constant Affection for you, and am, &c.

T

P. S.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the Victory of Prince *Eugene* over the *Turks*, in the Zeal you bear to the Christian Interest, tho' your Cousin of *Oxford* (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the *Turks*, or the *Turks* beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare War against *Spain*, or *Spain* declare it against the Emperor. I must add another Apothegm of the same noble Earl; it was the saying of a Politick Prince, "Time and he would get the better of any two others". To which Lord *Oxford* made this Answer,

Time and I 'gainst any two?

Chance and I 'gainst Time and you.

To the same.

Nov. 27. 1717.

Dear Sir,

THE Question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit Man in the world to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers.

He

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He had liv'd in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as suffic'd to make the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of a Religion that extends beyond the Grave: *Si qua est ea cura, &c.*

He has left me to the ticklish Management of a narrow Fortune, where every false Step is dangerous. My Mother is in that dispirited State of Resignation, which is the effect of long Life, and the Loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a Friend, of such an humane Turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your Absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my Regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere Letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have receiv'd. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any Person, when one's Mind is taken up with a sensible Sorrow, is a great degree of Friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my Father. Adieu.

those early times; remember'd her Creator

You describe so well your Heremical
state of life, that none but an ancient An-
chorite could go beyond you, for a Cave

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter has overtaken me
here, for I have been in and about
this Country ever since your departure. I
am pleas'd to date this from a place so
well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write
as if I were dictated by her Ancestors,
whose faces are all upon me. I fear none
so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who be-
ing in his Shirt, seems as ready to combat
me, as her own Sir John was to demolish
Duke Lancastere. I dare say your Lady
will recollect his Figure. I look'd upon
the Mansion, Walls, and Terraces; the
Plantations, and Slopes, which Nature has
made to command a variety of Vallies
and rising Woods; with a Veneration mixt
with a Pleasure, that represented her to
me in those puerile Amusements, which
engaged her so many Years ago in this
place: I fancy'd I saw her sober over a
Sampler, or gay over a joyned Baby. I
dare say she did one thing more, even in
those

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those early times; *remember'd her Creator
in the Days of her Youth.*

You describe so well your Heremital state of life, that none of the ancient Anchorites could go beyond you, for a Cave in a Rock, with a fine Spring, or any of the Accommodations that besit a Solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy Personages took with them a Lady, and begat Sons and Daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a Patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir *Amadis*, and his fellows. If Piety be so Romantick, I shall turn Hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go so far as to be Poetical, and hope to save one's Soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a Prophet; for I wish I were as *Habakkuk*, to be taken by the Hair of the Head, and visit *Daniel* in his Den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole Family upon my hands, to whom to discharge the part of a Friend: I assure you I like 'em all so well, that I will never quit my Hereditary Right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my Green at *Twickenham*, and gratefully remember (not only

only their green Gowns) but the Instructions they gave me how to slide down, and trip up the steepest Slopes of my Mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Yours.

To the same.

Twickenham, Oct. 21. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the first concerns of Life, at your Resuscitation, should have been sooner answer'd and acknowledg'd. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an Illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply affected, in the thought of your danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a private Letter of Montaigne, giving an account of the last words of an intimate Friend of his: 'Adieu my Friend! the pain I feel will soon be over, but I grieve for that

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‘ that you are to feel, which is to last you
‘ for life.

I joyn with your Family in giving God
thanks for lending us a worthy Man some-
what longer. The Comforts you receive
from their Attendance put me in mind of
what old *Fletcher of Saltoune* said one day
to me. ‘ Alas, I have nothing to do but to
‘ dye; I am a poor Individual; no Crea-
‘ ture to wish, or to fear, for my life or
‘ death: ’Tis the only reason I have to re-
‘ pent being a single Man; now I grow old,
‘ I am like a Tree without a Prop, and
‘ without young Trees of my own shedding,
‘ to grow round me, for Company and De-
‘ fence.

I hope the Gout will soon go after the
Fever, and all evil things remove far from
you. But pray tell me, when will you move
towards us? If you had an Interval to get
hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards,
except the Gout. Pray come, and never stir
from us again. Do away your dirty Acres,
cast ’em to dirty People, such as in the
Scripture Phrase *possess the Land*. Shake off
your Earth like the noble Animal in *Milton*,

*The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts, he springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Main the Ounce;
The Lizard, and the Tiger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw
In Hillocks!*

But I believe Milton never thought, these fine Verses of his should be apply'd to a Man selling a parcel of dirty Acres; tho' in the main I think it may have some resemblance, for God knows this little space of Ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those Creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our Affections and Desires.

Believe dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's*, &c. My poor Mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring Taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole Air of this Letter) not in the gayest nor easiest Humour, but always with Sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Yours,

To the same.

Dear Sir, June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the Justice to think no Man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere

Mr. POPE to ED. BLOUNT, Esq, 1787

sincere, well-wisher of your whole Family;
with all which, I cannot deny but I have a
mixture of Envy to you all, for loving
one another so well; and for enjoying the
sweets of that life, which can only be tasted
by people of good will.

*They from all Shades the Darkness can exclude,
And from a Desert banish Solitude.*

Torbay is a Paradise, and a Storm is but
an amusement to such people. If you
drink Tea upon a Promontory that over-
hangs the Sea, it is preferable to an Assem-
bly; and the whistling of the Wind better
Musick to contented and loving Minds, than
the Opera to the Spleenful, Ambitious, Dis-
eas'd, Distast'd, and Distracted Souls, which
this World affords; nay, this World affords
no other. Happy they! who are banish'd
from us: but happier they, who can banish
themselves; or more properly, banish the
World from them!

— Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that Period to be very Sublime, and to
include more than a hundred Sentences that
might be writ to express Distraction, Hurry,
Multiplication of Nothings, and all the fari-
guing perpetual Business of having no Busi-
ness to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating
the *Odysssey* as nothing? But whenever I think
seriously

seriously (and of late I have met with so many Occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle ; as idle, as if a Beast of Burden shou'd go on jingling his Bells, without bearing any thing valuab^{le} about him, or ever serving his Master.

*Life's vain Amusements, amidst which we dwell ;
Not weigh'd, or understood by the grim God of Hell !*

Said a Heathen Poet ; as he is translated by a Christian Bishop, who has, first by his Exhortations, and since by his Example, taught me to *think* as becomes a Reasonable Creature. — But he is gone ! He carry'd away more Learning than is left in this Nation behind him : but he left us more in the noble Example of bearing Calamity well. 'Tis true, we want Literature very much ; but pray God we don't want Patience more ! if these Precedents are to prevail.

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first Day I've been myself, and pass over the Mad Interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a Correspondent I shall hence-forward be able, or not able to be, God knows : but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful Friend, and all the good Wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

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To the same.

June 2, 1725.

Dear Sir,

YOU shew your self a just Man and a
friend in those Guesſes and Suppoſi-
tions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my
Silence: every one of which is a true one.
As to forgetfulneſs of you or yours, I aſſure
you, the promiſcuous Converſations of the
Town ſerve only to put me in mind of bet-
ter, and more quiet, to be had in a Corner
of the World (undisturb'd, innocent, ſerene,
and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no Ac-
ceſs of any Diſtruſt make you think of me
differently in a cloudy day from what you
do in the moſt ſunſhiny Weather. Let the
young Ladies be aſſured I make nothing new
in my Gardens without wiſhing to ſee the
print of their Fairy Steps in every part of
'em. I have put the laſt Hand to my works
of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubter-
raneous Way and Grotto; I there found a
Spring of the cleareſt Water, which falls
in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the
Cavern day and night. From the Ri-
ver *Thames*, you ſee thro' my Arch up a
Walk of the Wilderneſs to a kind of open
Temple,

Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the Rustic Manner; and from that distance under the Temple you look down thro' a sloping Arcade of Trees, and see the Sails on the River passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a Perspective Glafs. When you shut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obscura*; on the Walls of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their visible Radiations: And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene: it is finished with Shells interspersed with Pieces of Looking-glass in angular forms; and in the Cieling is a Star of the same Material, at which when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaster) is hung in the Middle, a thousand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Passage two Porches, with Niches and Seats; one toward the River, of smooth Stones, full of light and open; the other toward the Arch of Trees, rough with Shells, Flints and Iron Ore. The Bottom is paved with simple Pebble, as the adjoining Walk up the Wilderness to the Temple, is to be Cockle-shells, in the natural Taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the Aquatic Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing

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Mr. POPE to ED. BLOUNT, Esq. 1691
to compleat it but a good Statue with an
Inscription, like that beautiful antique one
which you know I am so fond of,

*Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aque.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora,
Rumpere, seu bibas, sive lavare, tace.*

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs
I keep,
And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep;
Whoe'er thou art, ah gently tread the Cave,
Ah bathe in silence, or in silence lave.

You'll think I have been very Poetical in
this Description, but it is pretty near the
Truth. I wish you were here to bear
Testimony how little it owes to Art, either
the Place itself, or the Image I give of it.

I am, &c.

To the same.

September 13, 1725.

Dear Sir,

I Should be ashamed to own the receipt of
a very kind Letter from you, two whole
Months from the date of this; if I were not
more

more aſham'd to tell a Lye, or to make an Excuse, which is worſe than a Lye (for being built upon ſome probable Circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degeee of Truth to falſify with : It is a *Lye Guarded*. Your Letter has been in my Pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the Pocket, and the Suit, are worn out ; by which means, I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing, that I have not enough conſider'd, and reflected upon many others you have oblig'd me with ; for true Friendſhip, as they ſay of good Writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a Fever, a ſhort one, but a violent : I am now well. So it ſhall take up no more of this Paper.

I begin now to expect you in Town, to make the Winter to come more tolerable to us both. The Summer is a kind of Heaven, when we wander in a Paradifaical Scene of Nature among Groves and Gardens ; but at this Season, we are like our poor firſt Parents turn'd out of that agreeable tho' folitary life, and forc'd to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer Houſes, and live together in Cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd, and riſen from your Gour, happy in the delights of a contented Family, ſmiling at

Storms,

Mr. POPE to ED. BLOUNT, Esq; 193

Storms, laughing at Greatness, and merry
over a Christmas-fire, exercising all the
Functions of an old Patriarch in Charity and
Hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B. what I
think she is doing; for I conclude it is her
opinion, that he only ought to know it for
whom it is done: and she will allow herself
to be far enough advanc'd above a fine Lady,
not to desire to shine before Men.

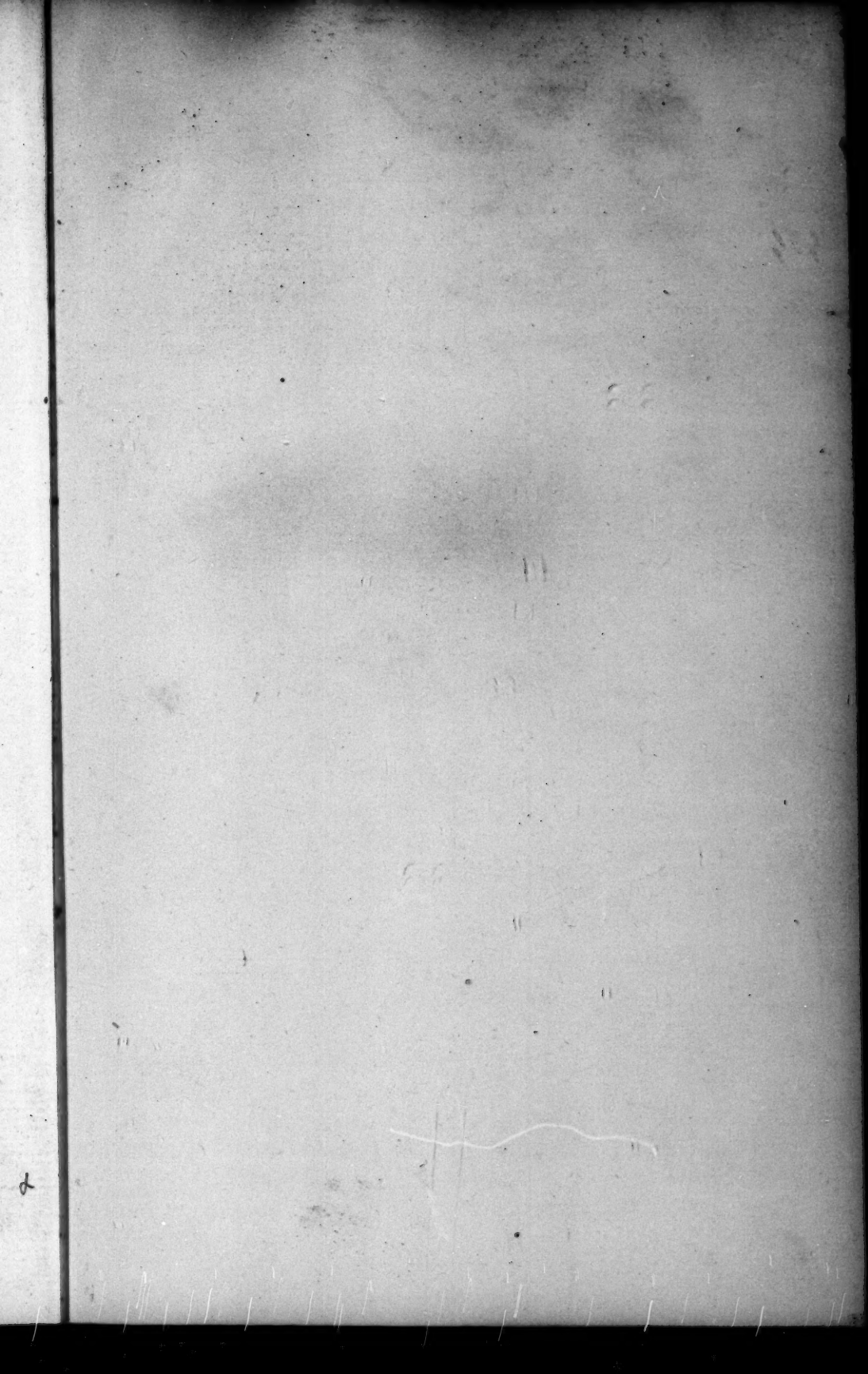
Your Daughters perhaps may have some
other thoughts, which even their Mother
must excuse them for, because she is a Mo-
ther. I will not however suppose those
thoughts get the better of their Devotions,
but rather excite 'em, and assist the warmth
of them; while their Prayer may be, that
they may raise up and breed as irreproach-
able a young Family as their Parents have
done. In a Word, I fancy you all well,
easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and
next to that I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man: Next in
dignity, and next in value. *Ministri eum
paullo minus ab Angelis.* If therefore I wish
well to the good and the deserving, and de-
fire They only should be my companions
and Correspondents; I must very soon, and
very much think of you. I want your
Company, and your Example. Pray make
haste to Town, so as not again to leave us:
Discharge the Load of Earth that lies on you,
like

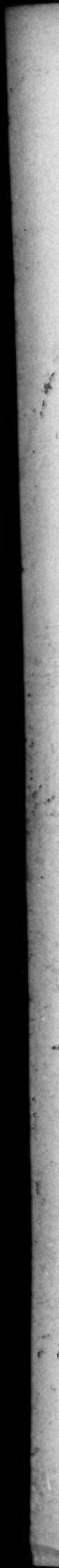
like one of the Mountains under which the Poets say the Giants (that is, the *Men of the Earth*) are whelmed: Leave Earth to the Sons of Earth; your Conversation is in Heaven. Which that it may be accomplish'd in us all, is the Prayer of him who maketh this short Sermon, Value (to you) Three Pence. Adieu.



LETTERS



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LETTERS of
like one of the Mountains under which the
Poets lay the Giants (that is, the Muses of the
Poets) are whelmed: I have found to the
sons of Earth, your Conversation is as this
ven Which that it was the same as this
us all, is the Power of him who makes this
short Season, Value to your Time Piece.

LETTERS

O F

Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1736. 4/

Q

LETTERS

OF
MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

From 1733 to 1739.

LETTERS

O F
Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1730.

Nov. 13, 1712.

S I R,

YOU writ me a very kind Letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into *Devonshire*. That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquir'd of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I past two months in *Sussex*, and since my Return have been again very ill. I writ to *Lintot* in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our Friend

Q 2

Mr.

Mr. *Cromwell* too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeas'd at some or other of my Freedoms; which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But this I know nothing of, perhaps he may have open'd to you: And, if I know you right, you are of a Temper to cement Friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. *Cromwell*, and have a true affection for your self, which if I had any Interest in the world, or Power with those who have, I shou'd not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of Modesty, or a vicious Distrust of another's value for you, (those two Eternal Foes to Merit) imagine that your Letters and Conversation are not always welcome to me. There's no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in Mr. *Gay* to be any thing less than his

most affectionate Friend

Binfield,
No. 13,
1712.

and real Servant,

A. P O P E.

Dec.

Dec. 24, 1712.

Dear Sir,

IT has been my good fortune within this Month past, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing upon my word has been so Home-felt a satisfaction as the News you tell me of your self: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good Success, for I have more People to be happy out of, than any ill-natur'd man can boast. I may with honesty affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many Inconveniencies and Disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angusti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of Merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing 'em some real service. For after all, if we could but Think a little, Self-love might make us Philosophers, and convince us, *Quantuli indiget Natura!* Our-selves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the Circumstantials, and the Apparatus or Equipage of humane life that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious Man wants for horses and foot-men

a good-natur'd Man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I shall see you this Winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and I hope as much of your Time as your Attendance on the Dutcheſs will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, tho' you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise Secretary to Nine other Ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forc'd to live wholly upon those Ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what *Chaucer* says — for *Sustenance*; but they are very agreeable Companions, like other Ladies, when a Man only passes a Night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am,

Your, &c.

Aug. 23, 1713.

Dear Sir,

JUST as I receiv'd yours, I was set down to write to you with some shame that I had so long defer'd it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives

gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon Ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become by Mr. J—'s help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Nose or Ear, the smallest degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plausible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear and pretty Elbow (as the *Plain-dealer* has it) but am in some danger even from the Ugly and Disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one Trait or other about 'em. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. *Swift's*, each of which was once my Vanity, two Lady *Bridgwaters*, a Dutchess of *Montague*, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucify'd *Christ* over-again in effigie, and made a *Madona* as old as her mother *St. Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rival'd *St. Luke* himself in Painting, and as 'tis said
an

an Angel came and finish'd his Piece, so you would swear a Devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutted. However I comfort my self with a christian Reflection, that, I have not broken the Commandment, for my Pictures are not the likenesses of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the waters under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should have a sight of 'em, who they tell us, worship certain Pagods or Idols purely for their Uglinefs.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the News of the Advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the Eye and Sense of the Fair, as long as that agreeable Machine shall play in the Hands of Posterity. I am glad your *Fan* is mounted so soon, but I wou'd have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the Sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be born in the Lands of both Sexes, no less in *Britain*, than it is in *China*; where it is ordinary for a *Mandarine* to fan himself cool after a Debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave Lye.

I am, &c.

May

May 4, Binfield 1714.

Dear Gay,

SINCE by your letter we find you can be content to breath in smoak, to walk in crouds, and divert your self with noise, nay and to make fine Pictures of this way of life, we shou'd give you up as one abandoned to a wrong choice of pleasures. We have however so much compassion on you as to think of inviting you to us, where your taste for books, friendship, and ease, may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your description of the Court; for indeed humanity is frail, and we cannot but remember some particular honours which we have enjoy'd in conversation; bate us this one point and we stand you, still untir'd with one another, and fresh to the pleasures of the country. If you wou'd have any news from us, know that we are well at present: This I am sure wou'd have been allow'd by you as news from either of us a fortnight ago. In return to this, send us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my commissions. Give my respects to the Dean,

R

Dr.

Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Ford*, and the Provost.
Dear *Gay*, adieu.

Your affectionate Friend

and humble Servant,

THO. PARNELL.

Dear Mr. Gay,

ABOVE all other News, send us the best, that of your good Health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. *Harcourt* made us very much fear. If you have any design either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better Expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room; tho' I lay myself in a Trucklebed under the Doctor. You might here converse with the old *Greeks*, be initiated into all their Customs, and learn their Prayers by heart as we have done: The Dr. last *Sunday*, intending to say an *Our Father*, was got half way in *Chryses* Prayer to *Apolla*. The ill effects of Contention and Squabbling so lively describ'd in the first *Iliad*, make Dr. *Parnelle* and myself continue in the most exemplary Union in every thing. We deserve to be worship'd by all the poor, divided, factious, interested Poets of this world.

As

As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable Front of black-brow'd *Jupiter*, and become an awful Nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty Proposition of the Doctor, or enforce a Criticism of my own. In a word, *Y—g* himself has not acquired more Tragic Majesty in his aspect by reading his own Verses than I by *Homer's*.

In this state, I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling Burlesque you write about. Dr. *Parnelle* also joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost fidelity and esteem) my hearty service to the Dean, Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Ford*, and to Mr. *Portescue*. Let them also know at *Button's* that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliah!

Thy loving Countryman.

Oct. 23.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy that the Immortality of the Soul has been my constant Speculation, as the Mortality of my Body my constant Plague. In good earnest, *Seneca* is nothing to a fit of illness.

Dr. *Parnelle* will honour *Tonson's* Miscellany with some very beautiful Copies, at my request. He enters heartily into our design, I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short. Dr. *Swift* much approves what I proposed even to the very title, which I design shall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, published monthly, in which whatever Book appears that deserves praise, shall be depreciated Ironically, and in the same manner that modern Critics take to undervalue Works of Value, and to commend the high Productions of *Grubstreet*.

I shall go into the country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your Poem of the *Fan*, to consider it at full leisure. I am deeply engaged in Poetry, the particulars whereof shall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. *Fortescue* when he comes to Town before his journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Sept. 23, 1714.

Dear Mr. Gay,

Welcome to your native Soil! welcome to your Friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in glory, blest with Court-interest, the love and familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant *Whig* or a desponding *Tory*, equally All Hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to share in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at *Binfield* in the worst of times at your service. If you are a *Tory*, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude
to

to a few people who endeavour'd to serve you, and whose Politicks were never your Concern. If you are a *Whig*, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine (as Brother Poets) had ever a Byass to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old Friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you since the *Queen's* death; I told 'em, no man living loved Mr. *Gay* better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons too themselves to alledge in your excuse, as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal Concern in publick affairs, threw us all into a hurry of Spirits; even I who am more a Philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor: During your Journeys I knew not whither to aim
a letter

a letter after you, that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand *Homer* had upon me, to write fifty Verses a day, besides learned Notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feasting, for I to thee and thou to me. We will feed among the Lillies. By the Lillies I mean the Ladies, with whom I hope you have fed to satiety: Hast thou passed through many Countries, and not tasted the delights thereof? Hast thou not left of thy Issue in divers Lands, that *German Gays* and *Dutch Gays* may arise, to write Pastorals and sing their Songs in strange Countries? Are not the *Blouzelinda's* of the *Hague* as charming as the *Rosalinda's* of *Britain*? or have the two great Pastoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the same time? for *Philips*, immortal *Philips*, *Hanover Philips*, hath deserted, yea and in a rustick manner kicked his *Rosalind*. — Dr. *Parnelle* and I have been inseperable ever since you went. We are now at the *Bath*, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of Expences: *Homer* shall support his Children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house

house in *Bath*. Poor *Parnelle* is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the Poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the Court, this can do no harm — I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

London, Nov. 8, 1718.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. *Fortescue*, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of Curiosities, that Letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the Truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the Ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the Season in Grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall

I shall not enter into a detail of my Concerns and Troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no Airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but my self. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. *Pulteney* or you, as you have done both my Lord *Burlington* and me, by your letter to Mr. *Lowndes*. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. *Lowndes*, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the Land-tax. That Gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true Patriots) rejoice in all that Good done to the Nation and Government, to which we contribute nothing our selves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from *Aix*; you told me then that writing was not good with the Waters,

S

and

and I find since you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the Waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the Waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our Brother-poets of these days.

I have no story to tell that is worth your hearing; you know I am no man of Intrigue; but the Duchess of *Hamilton* has one which she says is worth my hearing, that relates to Mr. *Pulteney* and your self; and which she promises, if you won't tell me, she will. Her Grace has won in a Raffle a very fine Tweezer-case; at the sight of which, my Tweezer-case, and all other Tweezer-cases on the globe, *Hide their diminish'd Heads*.

That Dutches, Lord *Warwick*, Lord *Stanhope*, Mrs. *Bellenden*, Mrs. *Lepell*, and I can't tell who else, had your letters: Dr. *Arbutnot* and I expect to be treated like Friends. I would send my services to Mr. *Pulteney*, but that he is out of favour at Court; and make some compliment to Mrs. *Pulteney*, if she were not a Whig. My Lord *Burlington* tells me she has as much outshin'd all the *French* Ladies, as she did the *English* before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women should eclipse those
Nuns

Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young Prince, because he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations and no Disappointments.

Dear Sir,

I Think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the Waters, and be assur'd I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a Zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning

you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think Justice in regard to those who are my friends; and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserv'd so little of, as to be my Enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any case. Let Time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the World is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. *Arbutnot* in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am; therefore I will think him mine. I am His, Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, &c.

London, Sept. 11, 1722.

Dear Gay,

I Thank you for remembering me. I would do my best to forget my self, but that I find

I find your Idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I'm sorry, I could not have a glympse either of you, or of the Sun (your Father) before you went for *Bath*. But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. *Congreve* in mind that he has one on this side of the World who loves him; and that there are more Men and Women in the Universe, than Mr. *Gay* and my Lady *Dutchess* of *M.* There are Ladies in and about *Richmond* that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of 'em at least may be thought to do it without Affectation, namely Mrs. *Howard*. As for Mrs. *Blounts* (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to *Suffex*. I hope Mrs. *Pulteney* is the better for the Bath, tho' I have little Charity and few good Wishes for the Ladies, the Destroyers of their best friends the Men. Pray tell her she has forgot the first Commis-sion I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last (the very thing I fear she desires.) Dr. *Arbutnot* is a strange creature; he goes out of town, and leaves his Bastards at other folks doors. I have long been so far mistaken in him as to think him a Man of Morals as well as of Politicks. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable enquiry t'other day of the welfare
of

of his Wife and family: Things that (I presume) are below the consideration of a Wit and an *Ombre*-player. They are in perfect health. Tho' Mrs. A's Navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own Belly is in absolute ease and contentment. Now I speak of those Regions about the *Abdomen*, pray dear *Gay* consult with him and Dr. *Chene*, to what exact pitch yours may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your Betters. Pray tell Dr. *Arbuthnot* that even Pigeon-pyes and Hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our Governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the *Tower*: 'Tis the first time dead Pigeons have been suspected of carrying Intelligence. To be serious, you, and Mr. *Congreve* (nay and the Doctor if he has not dined) will be sensible of my concern and surprize at the commitment of that Gentleman, whose welfare is as much my concern as any Friend's I have. I think my self a most unfortunate wretch; I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man; but he either dies like Mr. *Craggs* or is sent to Imprisonment like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as Innocent as I believe him, and make all his Enemies know him as well as I do, that they

they may love him and think of him as well !

If you apprehend this Period to be of any danger in being address'd to you ; tell Mr. *Congreve* or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

July 13, 1723.

Dear Sir,

I WAS very much pleas'd, not to say oblig'd, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warm'd my heart to have answer'd it sooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by hearkening to Women ; who told me that both Lady *Burlington* and yourself were immediately to return from *Tunbridge*, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and I assure you, none of 'em touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your Sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain : I wish those we call Great Men had the same Notions, but they are really the most Little Creatures in the world ; and the most interested, in all but one Point ; which is, that they want judgment

ment to know their greatest Interest, to encourage and chuse Honest men for their Friends.

I have not once seen the Person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, *one Flesh with his Wife.*

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord *Burlington*, whom I have long known to have more Mind to be a Good and honourable man, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord *Bolingbroke*, (tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity) he returns for *Flanders* and *France*, next month.

Mrs. *Howard* has writ you something or other in a letter which she says she repents. She has as much Good nature as if she had never seen any Ill nature, and had been bred among Lambs and Turtle-doves, instead of Princes and Court-Ladies.

By the end of this week, *Fortescue* will pass a few days with me. We shall remember you in our Potations, and wish you a Fisher with us, on my Grass-plat. In the mean time we wish you Success as a Fisher of Women, at the Wells, a Rejoycer of the Comfortless and Widow, an Impregnator of the Barren, and a Playfellow of the Maiden. I am

Your, &c.

Dear Sir,

I Faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly Expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present Escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose Life at her age can at best be but a short Reprieve, or a longer Dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous Symptoms are returned upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear *Gay*, any part of the debt I very gratefully remember I owe you, on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your

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health

health augment as fast as I fear it pleases God hers must decline : I believe that would be very fast — may the Life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquility, rather of your own giving to your self, than from any Expectations or Trust in others. — May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness — God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear *Gay*, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. *Howard*, and Mrs. *Blount*, give me daily accounts of you.

Sunday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Truly rejoyc'd to see your hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for
a week

a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my poor Mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold Day to throw her into a Diarrhœa that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her Last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as at your time of Life may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good; That was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my Nature of Kindness, I really have for you, and whatever Good I could do, I wou'd among the very first be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old *Roman* farewell is proper. *Vive! memor nostri.*

Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby between whom and me two letters have pass'd concerning you.

Dear Gay,

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it

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was

was not, and is not lessen'd, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my Mother. Be assur'd, no Duty less than that, should have kept me one day from attending your condition : I would come and take a room by you at *Hampstead*, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought, in health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime as the Southern Part of *France* may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly ; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear *Gay*, be as chearful as your Sufferings will permit : God is a better friend than a Court : Even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in

in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able:
The Doctor tells me all.

Dear Sir,

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the Consolation you were to me in my Mother's former Illness, that it doubles my Concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I wou'd have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Bethel* have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. *Blount* once) were contented to send messages. I never pass'd so melancholy a time, and now Mr. *Congreve's* death touches me nearly. It is twenty years that I have known him. Every year carries away something

thing dear with it, till we outlive all tenderesses, and become wretched Individuals again as we begun. Adieu ! This is my Birth-day, and this is my Reflection upon it.

*With added Days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro' ;
Some Joy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more !
Is this a Birth-day ? — 'Tis alas too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.*

I am Yours, &c.

Twick'nam, July 21.

Dear Gay,

YOU have the same share in my memory that good things generally have ; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind ; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the Indulgence I allow all my Friends, (and if I did not, They would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations ; which may prevent the *Proofs* of their remembering me, tho' they preserve for me all the friendship, and good will, which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life
of

of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month: And if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenatick, consider I have just receiv'd the News of the death of a Friend, whom I esteem'd almost as many years as you; poor *Fenton*: He died at *Easthamstead*, of Indolency and Inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use Exercise. I hope the Duchess will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of Exercise abroad. Mrs. *Howard* is so concern'd about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. *Blount* for not doing the same, that I am piqu'd with Jealousy and Envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great Place at Court; which you will confess a proper Cause of Envy and Hatred, in any Poet-militant, or unpension'd. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be,

Yours, &c.

Twicken-

Twickenham, Oct. 16, 1727.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; *Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.* I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy Dismission from all Court-Dependence; I dare say I shall find you the Better and the Honester Man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the Infection, who are hackney'd and tramelled in the ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but men of Worth, and real Friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) *Liberty*, which is worth all they have; and which, as yet, I hope *Englishmen* need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy That, and your own Integrity, and the satisfactory

tisfactory Consciousness of having *not* merited such Graces from them, as they bestow only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to their favour are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Passions. He is their *Greatest* favourite, who is their *Falsest*: and when a man, by such vile Gradations, arrives at the height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be *hated*, and in a condition to be *hanged*, for serving their Ends: So many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the letter you sent by my Lord *Grantham*. I presume you writ it not, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any *Decency* you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad Omen: but what have I to do with Court-Omens? — Dear *Gay*, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have six-pence, nay eight

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pence,

pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat.
I am faithfully

Your, &c.

Aug. 18.

Dear Gay,

IF my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism, 'tis a sign that the old fellows *loved Somebody*, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir *Robert Walpole*, for his extensive Bounty and Goodness to his private Friends and Relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a Dinner, at this distance, nor help the General whom I greatly love to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating (an excellent remedy for Love.) How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive) that I am forc'd to drink wine, while you
riot

riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Duchefs of *Queensberry*? that I am condemn'd to live on a High-way fide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all Guests, where my Portico (as *Virgil* has it)

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,
while you are wrapt into the *Idalian* Groves, sprinkled with Rose-water, and live in Borage Balm and Burnet up to the chin, with the Duchefs of *Queensberry*? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at Court with the Ladies in waiting at *Windſor*, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchefs of *Queensberry*? So partial is Fortune in her dispensations! for I deſerv'd ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their Services: But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a Courtier) to wiſh you mightily well. Another who is no Courtier frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well — I fancy, after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. *Forteſcue* and told him the pains you took to ſee him. Dr. *A.* for all

that I know may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from *Irish* Evidence, but only two Letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: He is in the North of *Ireland*, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. *Cleland* always speaks of you: he is at *Tunbridge*, wondring at the superior Carni-voracity of the Dr. He plays now with the old Duchess of *M---*, nay dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other News know I not, but that Counsellor *Bickford* has hurt himself, and has the strangest walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit at *Amesbury*. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr. *Dormer's*, General *Dormer's*, and

Your, &c.

Sept. 11, 1730.

Dear Sir,

I MAY with great Truth return your Speech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man; who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy

uneasy with those which are not. And you, whose Absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more blessed state with Spirits of a higher kind: such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since their Banishment from an earthly Court to an heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for I conclude none but true Friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of *Twitnam* seems, to be rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated Beings as you) as a separated Spirit too from Courts and Courtly Fopperies. But I own, not altogether so divested of terrene Matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your Depths of Retirement and Contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the Capital. I am within Ear-shot of Reports, within the Vortex of Lyes and Censures. I hear sometimes of the Lampooners of Beauty, the Calumniators of Virtue, the Jokers at Reason and Religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty Orb are to the inhabitants

tants of the Planet *Jupiter* : Except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous Votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. *Howard*, who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the *Collu-vies* and Sink of Human Greatness at *W—r* : One Mrs. *B.* that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory State at *Petersham* : One Lord *B.* who admir'd the Duchess before she grew quite a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our Wants, our Complaints, and our Miseries here; I must seriously say, the Loss of any one Good woman is too great to be born easily: and poor Mrs. *Rollinson*, tho' a private woman, was such. Her Husband is gone into *Oxfordshire* very melancholy, and thence to the *Bath*, to live on, for such is our Fate, and Duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

Oct. 1, 1730.

Dear Sir,

I AM something like the Sun at this Season, withdrawing from the World, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the Clouds of a long Winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better Guide, and more serviceable companion. My Friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the *Irishman*) that the *Moon* is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my Poetical capacity as a Son of *Apollo*, but in my Companionable one, (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of *Clarendon's*) For I shall see or be seen of few of you, this Winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as *Dryden* fairly says, *Feel my notes decay* as a Poet, but feel my Spirits flag as a Companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my Books. I have been putting my Library in order, and enlarging the Chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my Mind and Body (if I can) to some Life. A Friend,

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(a Woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some Reason for this admonition, and concluded she wou'd compleat all her kindneses to me by returning me to the Employment I am fittest for; Conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a Beatify'd Spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state. For as to my living at *Windsor* with Ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little Court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-Weather-Friends of the Summer are going away for *London*, and I shall see Them and the Butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are Writers, ought to love Posterity, that Posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the Children of the present Race, meerly in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents.

I am, &c.

To J. GAY, Esq.

Dec. 16, 1731.

I Am astonish'd at the Complaints occasion'd by a late *Epistle* to the *Earl of Burlington*; and I should be afflicted were there the least just Ground for 'em. Had the Writer attack'd *Vice*, at a Time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a *Defect*, that it is proclaimed with Ostentation as a *Merit*; I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds Fortune, acquired by such Methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: Had he overwarmly defended the *Religion of his Country*, against such Books as come from every Press, are publicly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent *Weekly Writers* by the same Names which they openly bestow on the greatest Men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded:

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In any of these Cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his Rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks *no one Vice* whatsoever; which deals only in *Folly*, and not Folly in general, but a single Species of it; that only Branch, for the opposite Excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape Censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused, than Apologized for.

*Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a *Crime*, that to impute it to a Man must be a grievous Offence? 'Tis an *Innocent Folly*, and much more *Beneficent* than the Want of it; for *Ill Taste* employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a *Good* one. Is it a *Moral Defect*? No, it is but a *Natural* one; a *Want of Taste*. It is what the best good Man living may be liable to: The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd House, and the best reputed Citizen be pleased with a vile Garden. I thought (I say) the Author had
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the common Liberty to observe a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that distinguishes him : which I know not how any Quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But they say the Satire is *Personal*. I thought it could not be so, because all its Reflexions are on *Things*. His Reflexions are not on the *Man*, but his House, Garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the *Persons* of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the Nile, and the Triton : He is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his *Friends*) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to say a Thing is *Personal*, is the same as to say it is *Injust*, not considering, that nothing can be *Just* that is not *Personal*. I am afraid that "all such Writings and Discourses as touch no Man, will mend no Man." The Good Natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like Satire ; and the *Guilty* readily concur with the *Weak* for a plain Reason, because the Vicious look upon Folly as their *Frontier* :

— *Jam proximus ardet*

Ucalegon —

No wonder those who know Ridicule belong to them, find an inward Consolation

in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the *best Characters*. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists should rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beast born for our Use would be ready to call a Man so.

I know no Remedy, unless people in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unless Comedy were forsaken, Satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet, in *Israel*.

But I find myself obliged to touch a Point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious Application of the Character of *Timon*, which I will boldly say, they would impute to the Person the most different in the World from a *Man-bater*, and the Person whose *Taste* and *Encouragement* of *Wit* have often been shewn in the *rightest Place*. The Author of that Epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Person.

Why, in God's Name, must a *Portrait*, apparently collected from twenty different Men, be apply'd to one only? Has it his *Eye*? No, it is very unlike. Has it his *Nose*

or

or Mouth? No, they are totally differing.
 What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the
 Mole on his Chin. Very well; but must the
 Picture therefore be his, and has no other
 man that Blemish?
 Could there be a more melancholy In-
 stance how much the Taste of the Publick is
 vitiated, and turns the most salutary and sea-
 sonable Physick into Poison, than if amidst
 the Blaze of a thousand bright Qualities in a
 Great Man, they should only remark there is
 a Shadow about him, as what Eminence is
 without? I am confident the Author was
 incapable of imputing any such to One,
 whose whole Life (to use his own Expression
 in Print of him) is a continued Series of good
 and generous Actions.
 I know no man who would be more con-
 cerned, if he gave the least Pain or Offence
 to any innocent person; and none who would
 be less concerned, if the Satire were challenged
 by any one at whom he would really aim
 it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he
 will own it, with all the Freedom of one
 whose Censures are just, and who sets his
 Name to them.

Why, in God's Name, must a Portrait
 apparently collected from twenty different
 Men be apply'd to one only? Has it his
 Eyes? No, it is very unlike. Has it his Nose?

To the Earl of Burlington.

March 7, 1731.

My LORD,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general Zeal of the world in the cause of a great Man who is Beneficent, and the particular Warmth of your Lordship in that of a private Man who is innocent.

It was not the *Poem* that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a *Post*: but sure the *Writer* deserv'd more Candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which in regard to that Noble Person was *Impertinent*; in regard to me, *Villainous*. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a Character belonging to *twenty* shou'd be applied to *one*; since, by that means, *nineteen* wou'd escape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that Noble Person's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the publick about it. But
since

since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third Edition to declare *His Belief*, not only of *My Innocence*, but of *Their Malignity*, of the former of which my own Heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter. His Humanity feels a Concern for the Injury done to *Me*, while His Greatness of Mind can bear with Indifference the Insult offer'd to *Himself*. *

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of *this Sort* can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a Compliment which I think it deserves; and which some, I am sure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the lowest Rank can find any countenance from those of a Higher. Even from the Conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who wou'd rather be *wicked* than *ridiculous*; and therefore it may be safer to attack *Vices* than *Follies*. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Possession of their *Idols*, their *Groves*, and their *High Places*; and change my Subject from their

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of Ch. — wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion, a Copy of which, together with Mr. Pope's to his Grace, we hope to procure for the next Volume.

Pride to their Meanness, from their Vanities to their Miseries: And as the only certain way to avoid Misconstructions, to lessen Offence, and not to multiply illnatur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of Real Names and not of Fictitious Ones. †

I am, my Lord,

Your Faithful,

Affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my Friends, as he that has thousands to leave in Legacies; besides the Assurance of their Sincerity.

† This he did in his next Piece, which was the Epistle to the Lord Bathurst of the use of Riches.

God

God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be: I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad, but many poor Creatures have worse.

As for you, my good Friend, I think since our first acquaintance there has not been any of those little Suspicions or Jealousies that often affect the sincerest Friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the World prizes, yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendship: They were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you continue that noble *Disdain* and *Abhorrence* of Vice, which you seem naturally endu'd with, but still with a due regard to your own Safety; and study more to reform than chastise, tho' the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord *Bathurst* I have always honour'd for every good Quality, that a Person of his Rank ought to have: Pray give my Respects and kindest Wishes to the Family. My Venison Stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left

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at my house it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case, and at my Age, is impossible; the kindest Wish of my Friends is *Euthanasia*. Living or dying, I shall always be

Your most faithful Friend,

And humble Servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

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